

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Book of Rugby School, its History, and its Daily Life.* Rugby, 1856.
2. *Tom Brown's School Days, by an Old Boy.* Cambridge, 1857.

OUR readers must not be scared by the scholastic character of the two works by which this paper is headed. We by no means propose to send them back to school, nor to inflict on the memory of our senior friends the reminiscences of the difficulties by which the pursuit of literature was beset when George III. was king; those good old times are among the things that were, and now that the secret, "knowledge is power," is more fully revealed, a spirit of improvement has stirred the stagnant waters. Education is the panacea of the day, by which all that is rotten in the State is to be cured, and while progress is the theory, pace is the practice. Formerly there was no royal road to mathematics, but now it seems, the rugged path is to rival in comfort the Great Western Express, and we heartily wish the philanthropic speculators a pleasant journey, for in proportion as the moral and intellectual faculties of man be developed, the more is he raised above the beasts that perish. But we fear the advantages are not all in one direction, and the old conveyances may possibly, however inferior in some respects, be surer and safer in the end.

Be that as it may, the works prefixed to this paper seem to us, not inaptly to illustrate this popular topic, and it was at Rugby that Arnold originated and established a better system as regarded the education of the upper classes. He is the Hamlet of the Rugby drama—the "genius loci"—and shines throughout the bright light which was there first reflected. His impress is, indeed, everywhere, and remains as the footsteps of a megalotherian traced on antediluvian sand, now hardened into enduring rocks—the tracks bear a lasting record of his presence and action. Thus is it that the spirits of the eminent survive the grave; although dead, he still speaketh, inspires, and directs.

The idea and execution of the Book of Rugby is taken from the instructive but some-

what stilted work of Mr. Walcott on William of Wykeham and his colleges. It records the incidents of a school which now numbers an existence of nearly three centuries, and thus fixes recollections forever, by type, as memory once interrupted can never be recalled. The performance, a labor of love, is a memorial of filial affection, raised by many alumni, in honor of a site where their golden age of youth was spent.

The book is prettily illustrated with vignettes and woodcuts, which bring before the stranger's eye the striking features of country and of those prominent objects which recall to the memory of former boys many a fond remembrance, hived in their bosom, like the honey of the bee. The record was edited by Dr. Goulburn, the accomplished head-master, on whom the mantle of his eminent predecessor worthily descended, and by whom his system was continued. Brought up himself at Eton, a school that long has basked in the sunshine of royalty, he labored to communicate its polish and urbanity to the native rusticity of Rugby, a local foundation of mere mesocratic origin. He has recently passed from being the teacher of boys, to become the instructor of men, and the wider school of the metropolis is opened to his piety and eloquence.

"Our first founder," Lawrence Sheriff, a native of Rugby, was a plain, homely, right-minded Englishman, who, having risen from an humble beginning, accumulated a large fortune in dealing with the fruits and spices of the West Indies. He was warden of the Grocers' Company during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; this was a critical epoch in the advance of civilization, when the discovery of a new world had opened space to the expanding intellect of the old one, which just then had been awakened from the long slumber of the dark ages by the restoration of classical literature: a new life was thus infused into the sacred cause of education, which finds a counterpart in the movement of this present moment. Luther, when he threw his inkstand at the head of the Evil One, had taught the laity their true weapon of offence and defence, with which they could wrest from

the papal clergy that monopoly of knowledge, long the secret of their strength. Thus the great Reformer emancipated the mind of man, and shivered, once for all, those fetters forged at Rome by the mystery of iniquity. Again the dissolution of monasteries had thrown into the market, lands hitherto locked up in mortmain, and far-sighted lay benefactors were enabled to endow their new foundation.

Lawrence Sheriff seized the prevalent spirit, and by his last will, August 31, 1567, bequeathed a third of his Middlesex estate to the foundation of "a fair and convenient school-house and to the maintaining an honest, discreet, and learned man to teach grammar;" the rents of that third, which then amounted to £8 annually, had swelled in 1825 to above £5500, and to this happy change the present buildings are owing. Thus was sown that little grain of mustard-seed which has expanded to such dimensions, until a new power was set in motion by Arnold by which a thrilling action has been imparted from it to every public school in England. Well may his favorite motto, "Forwards, forwards," be interlaced on coign and buttress with the L. S.—those simple initials which Lawrence Sheriff modestly directed to be inscribed in remembrance of himself and of his works.

The progress of the school before this new life was breathed into it by a master-spirit was slow and unobserved. A local and provincial character was the consequence of a remote mid-land situation, and one undistinguished by any impressive features of landscape, nor can the present school buildings boast of much artistical pretension. They were erected in the sad period of the Georgian and of poor sham Gothic. But architecture at that moment was in *statu pupillari*, and under the guidance of the Wyatt school was feeling its way to a restoration of worthier form. The cost exceeded £35,000—so soon had the art of constructing architectural bills arrived at colossal maturity;—substantial convenience has been consulted in preference to taste and ornament, but the least said is the soonest mended, and the considerate Rugbyans, like the children of Noah, dutifully draw a veil over the masonic nakedness of Mr. Hakewell, nor do they pretend to class their architect with a William of Wykeham.

The chapel is somewhat better, and bears with its painted windows, "storied bright,"

the mark of Arnold; they are his work, and tell of his earnest desire to enhance the decorum of God's temple; and here he rests from his labors surrounded by those of his pupils who also have been prematurely cut off. Yet if they have known few of the pleasures of this world, they at least have not, like him, felt many of its sorrows, and death has not separated those who in life were united.

The localities and peculiarities of the school, past and present, are detailed in the Book, and, however delectable to Rugby esoterics, possess less interest for the public "without;" and accordingly availing ourselves of the undoubted prerogative of reviewers we skip largely. It appears that formerly the boys were treated hardly, were half imprisoned, and put on the smallest rations, a plentiful allowance of the rod excepted. Birch was then universally deemed to be the *πρωτη υλη* by which the fundamental rules of grammar were to be inculcated. A grim tower is still pointed out among the local lions of Rugby, and not the most agreeable to old-boy reminiscences. In it is a sort of straff kammer, a torture room, in which a late pedagogue—one Dr. Wool—of the *plagous Orbilius* breed, small in stature but powerful in stripes, applied the *argumentum baculinum* with such striking effect, that the smarting recipients vented their wounded feelings on getting out, by exclaiming, "Great cry and little Wool." We may mention that the only former play-ground of the well-flogged boys was the churchyard, and that the juxtaposition of lively gambols and grave-stones was thought by their pastors and masters consolation sufficient to contribute to their longevity. Occasionally, and by way of a treat, a representation was offered them of Taming the Shrew, by ducking a scolding garrulous crone in a neighboring pond, and douching her into a healthier condition of tongue: thus a moral was added to their merriment. Now a change has come over these grave relaxations of merry old England, and to the many modern improvements an adequate playground has been also added. Such an arena for games, forms an essential part and parcel of every well-considered plan of generous education; in this smooth bowling-green "close," with its tall spiral elms, is to be found the surest and most agreeable restorative to the over-strained intellect; by

this specific both the pylorus and the pineal glands—where French savans say the soul is secreted—are taught their muscular and moral functions, and the inevitable dullness and degeneracy that comes over the boy of all work is best avoided. Nay, when the poetry of ingenuous youth has grown up into the prose of place and parliament, a little old-fashioned sport, alternated with office, is found to act as a corrective to pedantry, prig- gery, and red-tapeism. At Rugby the noble pursuits of cricket-ball and foot-ball are followed out of doors with no less zest and delight than those of literature are pursued within. The bold and manly games so peculiar to public schools of England, represent the gymnastics of the sages of antiquity. They were earnestly and wisely encouraged by Dr. Arnold, who throughout his life found in violent exercise, pursued with a boyish enthusiasm, an anodyne to his severe mental labors. He never forgot the cheerless condition dragged through, during his time in Commoners at Winchester, and now happily changed; there cribbed and cabined, in a small court, the boys, like caged eaglets, beat their breasts at the prison bars, and could not get out, except on rare holidays, to exercise and play, to life and liberty. Nature, and boy nature particularly, abhors a vacuum, and the luxuriance of the soil will run to weeds unless due changes and courses of culture be observed. Youthful and superabundant energy has a tendency, like gases generated in an ill-ventilated mine, to explode if confined, and break out in bullying and misconduct. Incalculable evils were thus wrought, and youngsters who came innocent and unscathed from their parental homes ran the risk at this, the most impressionable age, of learning much that was most objectionable in the very spot to which they were sent to be taught and trained to good. Many a gallant vessel of rare promise was cankered with dry rot in the very docks where it came to be fitted out for sound action.

Football is indeed *the game par excellence* of Rugby, as cricket is of Eton; the fight is fought again in long chapters both in the "Book" and by the "old Boy." Such is the hold it maintains over grown-up recollections of "ours," whose shins and memories tingle with delight at kicks and deeply-impressed details: these are a trifle too technical for the uninitiated, and, however suggestive *overtoot*,

are "caviare to the general," for readers only fully sympathize with what they fully understand. The fascination of this gentle pastime is its mimic war, and it is waged with the individual prowess of the Homeric conflicts, and with the personal valor of the Orlando's of mediæval chivalry, before villainous salt-petre had reduced the knight-errant to the ranks. The play is played out by boys, with that dogged determination to win, that endurance of pain, that bravery of combative spirit, by which the adult is trained to face the canon-ball with equal alacrity.

The playground is indeed the place for the hardest work—physical at all events; and as the hardiest mariners are formed in the stormiest seas, in these hard contested matches will be found by no means the worst competitive examinations for those of our gallant youth who, from a more favored development of body than of brain, will and must take to the profession of arms. Many a fine fellow who would fail lamentably in extracting a cube-root, will, in after-life, face an enemy's square, and break it effectually. The Isthmian games of our public schools go much to make England what it is. We must not make education too uniform, or expect from the great number that intellectual superiority which is attainable by very few. The gifts of Providence are varied, and there is a glory of the sun as well as of the moon. Nor must we be impatient, or suffer the tender brain to be over-stimulated and overstrained; if a little learning be dangerous, a mistake in the opposite direction may be fatal. The education of nations differs no less than the natives do in thought and deed, and each system must be judged by the results; nor need we much fear the comparison of one of our manly English public school-boys with the pale-faced student of Germany, or the over-taught pupil of the French Polytechnique. In our independent out-of-door games in the "Close," or Campus Martius, pluck, blood, and bottom are best tested; and those lessons will long, we hope, be taught, by which, in the words of the Duke, Waterloo was won.

The kitchen and dining-halls at Rugby are no less ample and well considered than the playgrounds; and thus the brain and body, marvellously connected, are each braced up, and are fitted to perform their moral and muscular functions. Here again Dr. Arnold

had learnt at Winchester what to avoid; and the feeding his tender flock was no less looked after by him than the nurture of their intellect. Food for the mind forms a fitting banquet to spirits and immortals, but with frail flesh, bodies and souls must be kept together, and with the young and growing, physical frames require to be built up by a substantial bill-of-fare. Arnold never forgot the "Do-the-boys" dietary which prevailed at Winchester under the dynasty of his, and, we regret to add, our day. Half a century has not effaced the horrors of our reminiscences of the pains of stomach there endured. We are still haunted by the ghosts of those gigantic radishes which first introduced a boy's digestion to the heart-burn; and our memory is soured by the juice of those rare fruit-pies which fizzed on the pewter plates as aquaforts; for after that fashion were we taught chemistry by the dominant Dame, an Alma Mater of most vinegar secretions, while the best coats of our new stomach were corroded and prematurely worn out. We rejoice to hear that a more liberal system of spits is now in operation at Winchester—*novus jam vertitur ordo*. There is much virtue in the beef of Old England, to which, coupled with rum, General Foy attributed the Duke's victories in Spain; and in the death-struggle of the bayonet the better man must prevail.

The instruction afforded to the boys at Rugby is no less nutritious, and retains the leading characteristics of the old school; it is based on a thoroughly grounded study of Greek and Latin, the most efficient instrument for the education of the better classes, whose high destiny it is to govern their fellow-creatures. The ancient languages, when patiently turned and trenched, form the rich loam with which experience has proved that the mind of man is the best fertilized; the study may not chime in with the Utilitarian and Manchester school, but if it produces wisdom, and fits men for holding high office, if it ripens reflection in the mind, and by bringing them early in life into contact with what great sages have thought and great poets have sung, and thus sharpens the powers of reasoning and refines the imagination, and these were the only results, no other recompense need be sought by the gentlemen and generosity of England.

The "Book" enters into these and other

details, and fully treats on the first and material founder, Lawrence Sheriff; the good works and character of Thomas Arnold—the second and moral founder—form also a book or rather constitute *the Book of Rugby*. This masterly work of Canon Stanley's was based on a personal knowledge, gained first as a pupil, and subsequently as a loving, life-long friend. It gives the very form and pressure of the man and reveals the inner thoughts and secret workings of his soul. This text-book at Rugby will ever rank with the masterpiece of Boswell, which it rivals in photographic portraiture and surpasses in elevation of tone.

The career of Thomas Arnold, although teeming with the poetry of common life, was not one of stirring incident or romance: it consisted in laboring to his best in his sacred vocation. Born in 1795, he was educated at Winchester College; and here, however his dormant capabilities were recognised by his masters, he gave to us, his schoolfellows—and we well remember him—no great promise of a future excellence, which ripened slowly; but even then his *ηθος* showed itself in his love for history rather than for poetry, and for truth and facts in preference to fictions. Already in his schoolboy correspondence did he inveigh against the incorrectness and exaggerations of the Roman historians; and thus early anticipate the views of Niebuhr.

Arnold went young to Oxford, took a high degree, gained the prose prizes, and obtained a fellowship at Oriel, then reputed to be the blue ribbon of the University. Aristotle, Herodotus, and Thucydides formed the studies and relaxations of his maturing life; and on them, coupled with the Bible, he thought the knowledge of a Christian, *καλος και αγαθος*, was the best based. There he acted as tutor, and his colleagues consisted of eminent men; for Copleston, Whately, Keble, Pusey, Newman, and other celebrities of great religious earnestness and intellectual activity, were then stirring up the long stagnated waters of English thought and theolgy. His natural self-confidence was increased by a certain local unsubmissive independence of opinion and dogmatism, and scanty sacrifice to the graces, by which many members of other colleges were offended and alarmed. He was, too, a Whig and a Reformer, in the palmiest days and in the very

citadel of Toryism, yet though a true reformer he was a constructive and not a destructive; what he most desired was to turn the capabilities of existing institutions to better results, to repair and not to overthrow. He was not seldom misrepresented by the odium theologicum of powerful parties of every sect and creed, for—impartial in his dislikes—his hand was against all, and consequently all were against one standing thus aloof. Not only did his opponents inveigh against many of his schemes as pernicious or Utopian; but Oxford became an absolute workshop of lies, *εργαστήριον φερόδων*, when set in action by theologians, who would have dealt with him as mercilessly as the only English Pope, Adrian IV., did with his namesake, the bold freethinker of Brescia. Arnold distinguished Christianity against all Churches that claimed to be chartered corporations and the privileged channels of salvation. He did not limit his definition of the "Church" to the clergy alone, but included the laity also in this "*Congregation of Christians*," of which he maintained that the true Ecclesia was constituted. He also upheld the authority of scripture against the technical phraseology of Councils, Fathers, and Tractarians, which he condemned as distorting the truth, tending to popery and priesthood, and substituting unrealities for realities.

He looked upon the so-called High Church doctrines as the greatest obstruction to the full development of national Christianity, and opposed that party because they maintained the union of Church and State to be all in all, and because they acted as if Gospel principles were to be made subservient to that connexion, while he denounced the Evangelicals and Dissenters from their wish to keep Church and State distinct, instead of laboring to make both alike kingdoms of Christ: he irritated all classes of his antagonists by his plain expressions of opinions, for he was a hard and fearless hiter, to whom words were never given to conceal thoughts, and when they burnt within him he felt that it was his duty to speak out, and he could not remain silent; strong in intellect and determined in intention, he considered neutrality to be the resource of the weak-minded and indifferent. Again, the indolent tendency to let well alone, was considered by him a most fatal bar to progress;

accordingly he pursued his course through evil and good report, and survived to see the opinions of the public in many points come round to his own. His notions in some particulars were not ours, but never did man better merit the triumphant reception he met with from all classes when, having lived down calumny and opposition, he appeared in the crowded theatre of the University as Professor of History. This was deemed by him to be the greatest honor he could possibly receive, for he loved Oxford from the first to the last, and in spite of all her faults and antagonism to himself, turned to her with the most faithful filial affection.

After a residence of nine years he removed from Oxford to Laleham, married, took private pupils, and passed another nine years in a paradise of peace. Here his powers ripened, and full of lofty designs and panting for a wider field of usefulness, he in 1827 succeeded Dr. Wood in the head-mastership of Rugby: now his professional life began, and he plunged into fourteen years of uninterrupted toil. The natural characteristics of the monotonous country about Rugby were most uncongenial to him. The all-ennobling feeling of duty reconciled him, indeed, to the change, but he felt as a "plant in a pot" that took no root, and could be removed without breaking any fibre. What he delighted in were the ancient associations of King Arthur at Winchester, and the soul-elevating mountains of the Lakes. Rugby, with its commonplace country and antecedents, its elm hedgerows and "thirteen cattle fairs," touched no chord in his heart. It was at Fox How, near Ambleside, where he had planned a retreat—senectus nidulus—that he breathed freely.

But he harnessed himself cheerfully to his *work*, of which he was a worshipper, holding labor—which of itself formed his best pleasure—to be his appointed lot on earth. A craving for rest was to him a sure sign that neither mind nor body retained their pristine vigor, and he determined, while blessed with health, to proceed like the camel in the wilderness, and die with his burden on his back. To do his duty to the utmost was the height of his ambition, those truly English sentiments by which Nelson and Wellington were inspired; and like them he was crowned with victory, for soon were verified the predictions of the Provost of Oriel,

that he would change the face of education, through the public schools of England. He was minded—*virtute officii*—to combine the cure of the souls to that of the intellects of the rising generation, and to realize the scripture in principle and practice, without making an English school a college of Jesuits.

A feeling of the failings and shortcomings of our public schools—pointed out by Cowper and others—had long been working among the thoughtful and serious, when Arnold led the van, giving shape and guidance to the movement. It was the very nick of time, soon after Waterloo had shut the temple of Janus, and the degrading despotism of brute force had been struck down; now the military incubus was removed, the mind of Europe had begun to raise its head, which had drooped during the protracted struggle—*pro aris et focis*—waged to the knife against Buonaparte. War had long previously become the normal state of things, and had formed the engrossing thought of the patriot and philosopher; when all grasped the sword in defence of country and king, the sinews of a strong man were more prized than intellectual accomplishments; but Arnold—the Luther of educational reformation—appeared with the peace to give utterance to the thoughts of thousands.

His principles were few: the fear of God was the beginning of his wisdom, and his object was not so much to teach knowledge as the means of acquiring it; to furnish, in a word, the key to the temple. He desired to awaken the intellect of each individual boy, and contended that the main movement must come from within, and not from without the pupil; and that all that could be, should be done *by* him, and not *for* him. In a word, his scheme was to call forth in the little world of school those capabilities which best fitted the boy for his career in the great one. He was not only possessed of strength, but had the art of imparting it to others; he had the power to grasp a subject himself, and then engraft it on the intellects of others.

The three ends at which he aimed in the order of their relative importance, were first and foremost to inculcate religious and moral principle, then gentlemanlike conduct, and lastly intellectual ability. To his mind religion and politics—the doing one's duty to God

and man—were the two things really wanting; unlike the schoolmasters of his early life, he held all the scholarship man ever had to be infinitely worthless in comparison with even a very humble degree of spiritual advancement. He gave the name of *Wisdom*, emphatically, to knowledge rich and rare, but pervaded through and through by the light of the spirit of God. He dreaded the co-existence of mere intellectual cleverness, coupled with moral depravity; he sighed when he thought of Bacon, the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind; and shuddered at the misdirected cleverness of Voltaire. The union of talent and turpitude shadowed out in his mind the image of Mephistopheles. He, on the contrary, professed to deal with the highest elements of human nature, and to bring the principles of Christianity to bear on all the civil relations of life: to this focus every thought and action were concentrated, and hence their power.

He loved tuition for itself, of which he fully felt the solemn responsibility and the ideal beauty, and which he was among the first to elevate to its true dignity. To him tuition was a substantive duty, a *τελος* of itself, and not treated as a temporary task, one *ἐκ παρέργων*, and a mere means leading to some other end. It was the destiny and business of his entire life. His own youthfulness of temperament and vigor suited him better for the society of the young than of the old; he enjoyed their spring of mind and body, and by personal intercourse hoped to train up and mould to good their pliant minds, while wax to receive, and marble to retain.

One of his principal holds was in his boy sermons, that is in sermons to which his young congregation could and did listen, and of which he was the absolute inventor; the secret of that power lay in its intimate connection with the man himself. He spoke with both spiritual and temporal authority, and truths divine seemed mended by the tongue of an expounder whose discourse was a living one—doctrine in action—and where precept was enforced by example. His was the exhibition of a simple earnest man, who practised what he preached, who probed the depths of life, and expressed strongly and plainly his love of goodness and abhorrence of sin. There was, indeed, a moral supremacy in him; his eyes looked into the heart, and all that was base and mean cowered be-

fore him ; and when he preached, a sympathetic thrill ran through his audience.

But Tom Brown must describe the great event of his own and of every Rugby boy's life—the first sermon from the Doctor. He sketches—

"The tall gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke. The long lines of young faces rose tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world rejoicing in his strength. . . . What was it that moved and held us reckless childish boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth; who thought more of our sets in the school than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby and the public opinion of boys in our daily life above the laws of God? We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another, and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (aye and man too for the matter of that), to a man who we felt to be with all his heart and soul and strength striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights, to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to keep him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his wholy daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain too for a boys' army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy

felt) to the last gasp, and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was his thoroughness and undaunted courage which more than anything else won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master."

This belief amounted to personal idolatry; such were the feeling of love, reverence, and confidence which he inspired. He led his pupil to place implicit trust on his decisions, and to esteem his approbation as their highest reward, and they were willing to die for him; his most earnest desire was to win their hearts, and stand to them *in loco parentis*, rather than in that of a dreaded master, whom to circumvent was the object of the boy's every thought. He gained his end by treating them as gentlemen, as reasonable beings in whose conscience and common sense he might confide, and to this appeal to their nobler faculties, to his relying on their honor, the ingenuous youth responded worthily. The tender plants which would have been nipped by harshness, distrust, and suspicion, when forced by his genial warmth waxed strong and bore good fruit in their season. His government of the school was no reign of terror, nor did he rely on the meaner motives of fear and punishment, not that he banished the rod, his *ultima ratio*, but resorted to reasoning and talking as his first step. He kept much in the background this rude, primeval, time-honored corrective, to spare which was once thought equivalent to spoiling the child: he wielded it with force on proper occasions, and applied it for misdemeanors inevitable to youth—lying, for instance—and best cured by birch.

He scouted the *pseudo-humanitarian* theories of the degradation of corporal punishment to those who cannot feel the degradation of guilt; it is the cause of the flogging, not the operation, that gives the sting; no boys feel any ignominious or personal feeling in a mode of correction common to all, and a condition of their inferior state of boyhood. With much the same feeling he was not opposed to *fagging*, which, however denounced by the said *pseudo-humanitarians*, is accepted without repining by the boys themselves as part and parcel of the institution of schools, and as the servitude of their feudal system; all he aimed to do, was to

regulate and, as it were, legalize the exercise of it. It was in the Sixth Form that the keystone of his government was centered, and he held that to be an intermediate power between the master and the masses of the school. He had early learned the value of this *imperium in imperio*, of this internal police, as practised by the Prefects of Winchester; and since, wherever a large number of boys are gathered together, the strongest will lord it over the weaker, by delegating as a trust a portion of his own power, he restored the balance between oppressed weakness and oppressive strength. Placed in the hands of seniors of the school, a guarantee was given for its impartial exercise, which tempered the brute force; and the Prefects became harbors of refuge, to which the boys fled from the tempest of petty tyrants. Much as he supported this delegated authority, he watched carefully over and put down any abuse of power in a martinet monitor. The Prefects themselves were no less benefited; sprung from the boys, they found the necessity of setting a good example and tone, and their privileges spurred on their inferiors to rise by industry to their eminence. Justly, therefore, did Arnold encourage these officers of his army, who alone could check many evils that no master could discover. By appealing to their honor, by fostering their self-respect, and calling out their powers of governing their inferiors, he ripened their manhood, and they early learnt habits of command; and this system, found to work so well, is continued, and, with many of his excellent principles, is now acted on in most of the chief public schools of England.*

Infinite, indeed, are the causes of national thankfulness suggested by the reflection of the numerous pains and perils from which the search of knowledge is now exempted, so much is the moral tone raised, such are the new lighthouses erected and harbors of refuge provided; and many are those, born and yet unborn, who, destined by their own industry and merit to achieve greatness and to be the architects of their own fortunes and fame, will owe to the blessings of a sound foundation laid in a good school the first steps of their future elevation. Assuredly posterity will not willingly let die the name of Arnold,

* These, and other school conclusions, are pleasantly worked out in the "School Experiences of a Fag" himself, one who writes with the fullest *connaissance de cause*.

who led the movement and was the Columbus of the educational voyage of discovery.

Such is the amended system of education now pursued at Rugby and at our principal public schools, those feeders of our Universities and other institutions where the sons of our better classes are "raised" and the men are moulded whose high destiny it will be to govern their fellow-citizens. The difficult question as regards their humbler brethren, whose lot it is to eat bread by the sweat of their brows, is more perplexed, and as yet, we fear, has to be solved. While the Government and well-intentioned individuals wish to extend popular education, the masses, the working bees of the community, remain indifferent, and will scarcely accept as a gift the proffered boon. It is scholars rather than schools that are wanting. These schools are deemed by them to be things devised by the upper classes, who have nothing in common with their wants and wishes. They have no great desire to learn what is taught, and consider the education offered by the State as too uniform and general, and not sufficiently professional, and hold that all beyond the elementary processes of reading, writing, and a sprinkling of arithmetic is above their sphere of life, and little suited to their practical needs. What they eagerly desire, and for which they would overlook a controlling power by the State, which wounds their domestic liberty and action, is such a training institution as will tend to produce the greatest and most immediate returns in their respective vocations of labor. They are utilitarians from necessity, and must look to the most practical education by which their particular craft is advanced—that one which they have to offer in barter for better wages and more constant employment. Profit is their primary consideration; it is a question of the labor-market, and, as they live from hand to mouth, and life is a perpetual struggle, they cannot afford to wait. Their children form part of their productive power, hence the premature age at which they remove them from school, which they do as soon as they can earn a mouthful of bread. It requires for the practisers of handicrafts properly to learn their business—the agricultural and much-sneered at branch not the least—an earlier and more uninterrupted observance than is generally imagined. They cannot run the risk of present good for a

future possible better; they are impatient to realize, and naturally attach little value to all that goes beyond that industrial training that bears on their individual occupation.

But we must quit this *vezata questio* and turn to Tom Brown, who sets before us a real picture of the school-days at Rugby of a boy of his class, and at the moment when Dr. Arnold was working out his great educational experiment. This attractive and suggestive book is singularly free from all sickly sentimentalism. Tom's plain, unvarnished tale is told in simple language, but the highest themes are often touched on, and with an earnestness so natural and unaffected that the serious tone never jars. The book will be read with general pleasure. We have all been boys in our time, and a fellow interest pervades any faithful record of the associations of a starting-point in common. As years glide on, we recur with a satisfaction tinged with sadness to the pleasures of memory of a moment when every organ of mind and body offered, in all the freshness of vitality, new inlets of delight.

The family of the Browns were of the *juste milieu*, and removed alike from the scum that often froths on the social surface as from the dregs that sink to the bottom; the members—true Britons—for centuries have been the working bees of the community, and, sturdy in mind and stalwart in frame, have in their quiet home-spun way subdued the earth at home and abroad, evincing a pugnacious propensity; all their opinions are downright beliefs; they have a testimony to deliver and a work to do, which they will speak out and maintain to the death, however counter to common opinion. Thus carrying their lives in their hands, and getting hard knocks and work in plenty, they have won our battles from Crecy to Trafalgar.

Tom, the son of a Berkshire squire, was reared near the healthy downs of the Vale of the White Horse, where the hardy spirit of Alfred still lingers, and here he early imbibed that fresh love of Nature which he has so closely observed and so truly described. Impatient of petticoat rule, he soon emancipated himself—never, however, to forget the early religious views instilled by a careful mother, and we can have, as Gray said, but one. His father, although a Churchman and a Tory of the old country gentleman school, was strongly

imbued with the specious doctrines of the equality of man. These, when espoused and expounded by well-intentioned philanthropists of Young England, in white waistcoats, have evaporated in Christian socialism; but under the ancient régime of France, and when worked out to their logical conclusion by the disciples of Voltaire, naturally led to revolution and to la Sainte Guillotine.

Equality of man seems to us to be the child of conceit and egotism, and diametrically opposed to the first principle and great law which pervades the system of human economy established by the Creator. There, however, the balance of actual happiness and compensation may be adjusted, variety, infinite and inexhaustible, forms the rule. The “diversity of the gifts” of Providence, mental and physical, those of fortune and condition, are as plainly evinced as the difference in the faces of their respective subjects. The identical similarity of the two Dromios is no less a fiction of the poet than this equality, bodily or intellectual, which is contended for by a political Procrustes.

Tom's father, who reasoned better on breeding bullocks and crossing cattle, coincided with Burns in points of blood and pedigree in the human species, and holding them as “leather and prunella” in lords and ladies, maintained that, while the rank only marked the guinea stamp, the man was the thing for all that. It mattered not a straw to him whether his son, in whom these social views sunk deeply, associated with the sons of peers or of ploughmen. Nor was much harm done to the muscles of the young squire by the rough exercises of rustic playmates, while his grammar was rescued by a timely removal from smock-frocks, although many think the separation of classes to be one of the worst signs of the times. Tom soon passed from a seminary for young gentlemen into a larger sphere of existence at Rugby. We quote his racy record of his first step into life on the top of a fast coach—one of the institutions of those pre-macadamite days, and still so delectable to old staggers. But first we may quote the Squire's parental and parting counsels, the excellent *sermo pedestris*, which he elaborated after protracted ponderings, aided by a reflective cheroot, and by his own *crassa Minerva* and sound common-sense. Those manly, honest thoughts, expressed in

plain words, and no mistake, will, we trust, long find an echo in thousands of English hearts :

" And now, Tom, my boy, remember you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear with all your troubles before you—earlier than we should have sent you perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel, blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

" To condense the Squire's meditation, it was somewhat as follows: ' I won't tell him to read his Bible, and love and serve God; if he don't do that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No, I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted so to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want,' thought the Squire; and upon this view of the case, framed his last words of advice to Tom, which were well enough suited to his purpose."

The turn-out of the Tally-ho—the sketch of the road, its ways and worthies, are touched with the truth and local color of the Nimrods and the Hieovers of the past; the detail sparkles with a nicety and fidelity that marks the observant spirit of the age, and which finds utterance in the immortal works of Dickens, and expression in the pictures of Millais.

Just as Tom is swallowing his last mouthful of breakfast,

" Boots looks in and says, ' Tally-ho, sir; ' and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the Peacock. ' Anything for us, Bob? ' says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest. ' Young gen'l'm'n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicest'r; hamper o' game, Rugby,' answers Ostler. ' Tell young gent to look alive,' says Guard, opening the hind-boot and

shooting in the parcels after examining them by the lamps. ' Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top—I'll fasten him presently. Now then, sir, jump up behind.' ' Good-bye, father—my love at home.' A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! the ostler lets go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the Tally-ho into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up; Ostler, Boots, and the Squire stand looking after them under the Peacock lamp. ' Sharp work,' says the Squire, and goes in again to his bed, the coach being well out of sight and hearing. Tom stands up on the coach and looks back at his father's figure as long as he can see it, and then the guard, having disposed of his luggage, comes to an anchor, and finishes his buttonings and other preparations for facing the three hours before dawn; no joke for those who minded cold, on a fast coach in November, in the reign of his late Majesty."

The pachydermatous " Old Boy " now speculates on the thin-skinned degeneracy of the rising race:

" I sometimes think that you boys of this generation are a deal tenderer fellows than we used to be. At any rate you're much more comfortable travellers, for I see every one of you with his rug or plaid, and other dodges for preserving the caloric, and most of you going in those fuzzy, dusty, padded first-class carriages. It was another affair altogether, a dark ride on the top of the Tally-ho, I can tell you, in a tight Petersham coat, and your feet dangling six inches from the floor. Then you knew what cold was, and what it was to be without legs, for not a bit of feeling had you in them after the first half-hour. But it had its pleasures, the old dark ride. First there was the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman—of standing out against something, and not giving in. Then there was the music of the rattling harness, and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming hoar-frost over the leaders' ears into the darkness; and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, to warn some drowsy pikeman or the ostler at the next change; and the looking forward to daylight, and last but not least, the delight of returning sensation in your toes. Then the break of dawn and the sunrise, where can they be ever seen in perfection but from a coach roof? You want motion and change and music to see them in their glory; not the music of singing-men and singing-women, but good silent music, which sets itself in your own

head, the accompaniment of work and getting over the ground."

But time and the pace wear out the longest, coldest stage,

"the Tally-ho is past St. Alban's, and Tom is enjoying the ride though half-frozen. The guard, who is alone with him on the back of the coach, is silent, but has muffed Tom's feet up in straw, and put the end of an oat-sack over his knees. The darkness has driven him inwards, and he has gone over his little past life, and thought of all his doings and promises, and of his mother and sister, and his father's last words; and has made fifty good resolutions, and means to bear himself like a brave Brown as he is, though a young one. He is chock full of hope and life, notwithstanding the cold, and kicks his heels against the back-board, and would like to sing, only he doesn't know how his friend the silent guard might take it. And now the dawn breaks at the end of the fourth stage, and the coach pulls up at a little road-side inn with huge stables behind. There is a bright fire gleaming through the red curtains of the bar-window, and the door is open. The coachman catches his whip into a double thong, and throws it to the ostler; the steam of the horses rises straight up into the air. He has put them along over the last two miles, and is two minutes before his time; he rolls down from the box and into the inn. The guard rolls off behind. 'Now, sir,' says he to Tom, 'you just jump down and I'll give you a drop of something to keep the cold out.' Tom finds a difficulty in jumping, or indeed in finding the top of the wheel with his feet, which may be in the next world for all he feels; so the guard picks him off the coach-top and sets him on his legs, and they stamp into the bar, and join the coachman and the other outside passengers. Here a fresh-looking barmaid serves them each with a glass of early purl as they stand before the fire, coachman and guard exchanging business remarks. The purl warms the cockles of Tom's heart and makes him cough. 'Rare tackle that, sir, of a cold morning,' says the coachman smiling; 'Time's up.' They are out again and up; Coachee the last, gathering the reins into his hands and talking to Jem the ostler about the mare's shoulder, and then swinging himself up on to the box, the horses dashing off in a canter before he falls into his seat. Toot-toot-tootle-to goes the horn, and away they are again, five-and-thirty miles on their road, (nearly halfway to Rugby, thinks Tom), and the prospect of breakfast at the end of the stage.

"And now they begin to see, and the early life of the country-side comes out; a market cart or two, men in smock frocks going to

their work pipe in mouth, a whiff of which is no bad smell this bright morning. The sun gets up and the mist shines like silver gauze. They pass the hounds jogging along to a distant meet at the heels of the huntsman's hock, whose face is about the color of the tails of his old pink, as he exchanges greetings with coachman and guard. Now they pull up at a lodge, and take on board a well muffed-up sportsman, with his gun-case and carpet-bag. An early up-coach meets them, and the coachmen gather up their horses, and pass one another with the accustomed lift of the elbow, each team doing eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind if necessary. And here comes breakfast. 'Twenty minutes here, gentlemen,' says the coachman, as they pull up at half-past seven at the inn-door.

"Have not we endured nobly this morning, and is not this a worthy reward for much endurance? There is the low dark wainscoted room hung with sporting prints; the hat-stand, with a whip or two standing up in it belonging to bagmen, who are still snug in bed, by the door; the blazing fire, with the quaint old glass over the mantelpiece, in which is stuck a large card with the list of the meets for the week of the county hounds. The table covered with the whitest of cloths and of china, and bearing a pigeon-pie, ham, round of cold boiled beef cut from a mammoth ox, and the great loaf of household bread on a wooden trencher. And here comes in the stout head waiter, puffing under a tray of hot viands; kidneys and a steak, transparent rashers and poached eggs, buttered toast and muffins, coffee and tea, all smoking hot. Tom has eaten kidney and pigeon-pie, and imbibed coffee, till his little skin is as tight as a drum; and then has the further pleasure of paying head waiter out of his own purse, in a dignified manner, and walks out before the inn-door to see the horses put to. This is done leisurely and in a highly finished manner by the ostlers, as if they enjoyed the not being hurried. Coachman comes out with his way-bill, and puffing a fat cigar which the sportsman has given him. Guard emerges from the tap, where he prefers breakfasting, licking round a tough-looking doubtful cheroot, which you might tie round your finger, and three whiffs of which would knock any one else out of time. 'Let 'em go, Dick!' The ostlers fly back, drawing off the cloths from their glossy loins, and away we go through the market-place and down the High street, looking in at the first-floor windows, and seeing several worthy burgesses shaving thereat, while all the shopboys who are cleaning the windows, and housemaids who are doing the steps, stop and look pleased as we rattle past, as if we

were a part of their legitimate morning's amusement. We clear the town, and are well out between the hedgerows again as the town clock strikes eight."

"Todo tiempo llega," as the Spaniard says. The "Tally-ho" keeps time, Rugby is reached and Tom is duly delivered by the guard into the hands of the tormentors. The solitary traveller, cast on the wide world of New-Boydom, is plunged into its mysteries and miseries. Sad, indeed, and sinking are the first sensations of those who, delicate in mind and body, when torn from the affections of home, are abruptly exposed to the buffettings and want of sympathy of public schoolboy nature; when every cause of annoyance, personal and private, and all that is most avoided in after life, is most harped on; when every weak blot is hit, and followed up with the pain-inflicting, curious felicity of nicknaming. Tom finds a friend of his family, and is let by his "cute chum" into the secrets of the prison-house, and, thus piloted, steers safely through shoals in which the unprotected are too often swamped. Strong in body and heart, quick in eye and hand, companionable and courting danger with true English schoolboy love, he soon settled into his place. He details the different phases of his new life with an accuracy that rivals his record of the stages of the road, and gives a peep behind the curtain that is hung over the sanctum sanctorum of the educational system of our "upper ten thousand" class—a system so utterly inaccessible and unintelligible to our ten-pounders and to foreigners who "don't understand us." The new boy, well broken-in by his rough rustic antecedents, plunges at once into the "scrimmage" of football, and our Brown comes out of the fight black, blue, and bruised, with a capital character for courage, and there is no quality which boys are quicker to estimate or appreciate higher. Tom's first and most successful appearance is crowded by certain sausages, with which he, a fresh boy, with money in his pocket, regales his brother combatants—long broziers; these he is taught to toast, and eats with an appetite that surpasses the best sauce concocted by Soyer. The scholastic Saturnalia and the peristaltic motions are enlivened by tossings—so delectable to bulls and bullies; but our Tom cares as little for the blanket as the best broken-in farthing minds a chuck. The result is, that he wins golden opinions, and passes for a regular trump.

The initiatory elements of instruction are wound up by a speechification from Pater Brooke, the cock of the school, who is about to leave and stands up for the Doctor. We have no space to report him. He alludes to the difficulty of introducing changes, unpopular at all schools, where, however bad, old customs are clung to by the youngsters as the Persians and Medes did to their laws; the orator enlarges on the worries the new master had in effecting reforms which had perplexed Golgothas of grey heads, and had troubled the port and prejudices of many a senior common room. Much time elapsed before the Doctor's young and restive team settled to the collar, but his final victory was won by the moral and intellectual influence he gained over the head boys with whom he was thrown into immediate contact. He became their guide, philosopher, and friend, and they soon saw his real value, while to the rest of the school he was merely a dreaded master.

Tom prospered, and passed his time not so unpleasantly. He drained to the bottom the fresh, brave, new, and unique school life, so full of games and good fellowship, so ready at forgetting, so capacious of enjoyment, and so bright in forecasting; he felt a happiness which far outweighed all the troubles with the masters, and all the cuffs, kicks, and faggings of big boys and bullies. He starts in good repute, and justly observes:

"In no place in the world has individual character more weight than at a public school. Remember this, I beseech you, all you boys who are getting into the upper forms. Now is the time in all your lives probably when you may have more wide influence for good or evil on the society you live in, than you ever have again. Quit yourselves like men then; speak up, and strike out if necessary for whatsoever is true, and manly, and lovely, and of good report; never try to be popular, but only to do your duty and help others to do theirs, and you may leave the tone of feeling in the school higher than you found it, and so be doing good which no living soul can measure to generations of your countrymen yet unborn. For boys follow one another in herds like sheep, for good or evil; they hate thinking, and have rarely any settled principles. Every school indeed has its own traditional standard of right and wrong, which cannot be transgressed with impunity, marking certain things as low and blackguard, and certain others as lawful and right. This standard is ever varying,

though it changes only slowly, and little by little, and, subject only to such standard, it is the leading boys for the time being who give the tone to all the rest, and make the school either a noble institution for the training of Christian Englishmen, or a place where a young boy will get more evil than he would if he were turned out to make his way in London streets, or any thing between these two extremes."

Tom next half is promoted to the "lower fourth," the most numerous and dangerous form, the pons asinorum, over which big dunces cannot pass, but there stick growing to be bigger and worse bullies of the smaller fry: Tom describes himself as a promising specimen of this precious form of British growth:—

"As full of tricks as monkeys, and of excuses as Irish women, making fun of their master, one another, and their lessons, Argus himself would have been puzzled to keep an eye on them; and as for making them steady or serious for half-an-hour together, it was simply hopeless."

He succumbed to the temptation, and bad fair to become a scapegrace; but while he lost character with the tutors, he kept caste with his comrades, as a good fellow and a "brick." But, and it is an ill wind that blows no good, Tom, by perfecting his acquaintance with all the idlenesses and irregularities of the place, has been enabled to map out the breakers ahead for the benefit of future navigators, and it must be remembered that the best sailors are formed in the most dangerous seas—which we suggest as a con-

lation to parents about to expose their young hopefuls to a scholastic Scylla and Charybdis. Tom, at all events, idled prodigiously, broke bounds and rules, waxed strong, and fonder of the pursuits of football than literature, poached on the Avon, like Shakespeare, and swam and dived in it like an otter. Though he failed in hexameters, he was foremost in fight; yet whatever his practices in fist philosophy, he sided with the theories of Polonius, into whose mouth, albeit a fool and a lord of the bedchamber, Shakespeare judiciously has placed the soundest views, derived from the knowledge of the world gained at courts.

" Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee."

Tom, while condemning the brutal brutal

ising prize ring, contends like a man for honest stand-up fighting, *honoris causa*, and gives each round of one, in which he figured, with a tact and truth that would do credit to the most judicious of bottle-holders or to the best reporter of "*Bell's Life*." He does so

"Partly because he wants to give you a true picture of what every-day school life was in his time, and not a kid-glove and go-to-meeting-coat picture; and partly because of the cant and twaddle that's talked of boxing and fighting with fists now-a-days. Even Thackeray has given in to it; and only a few weeks ago there was some rampant stuff in the '*Times*' on the subject, in an article on field sports.

"Boys will quarrel, and when they quarrel will sometimes fight. Fighting with fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels. What substitute for it is there, or ever was there, amongst any nation under the sun? What would you like to see take its place?

"Learn to box then, as you learn to play cricket and football. Not one of you will be the worse, but very much the better, for learning to box well. Should you never have to use it in earnest, there's no exercise in the world so good for the temper, and for the muscles of the back and legs.

"As to fighting, keep out of it if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say 'Yes' or 'No,' to a challenge to fight, say 'No' if you can,—only take care you make it clear to yourselves why you say 'No.' It's a proof of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives. It's quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and danger. But don't say 'No' because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see."

Our pugnacious Tom, by resisting the illegal flogging of big and cowardly bullies, soon passed with the lovers of quiet and comfort as a reformer and a rebel, and is viewed as a sort of Mazzini or ticket-of-leave boy. The Doctor, whose singular knowledge of boy-nature was almost intuitive, saw that there was virtue in him, and was minded to try how the elevating effect of having a real work to do might operate on a boy in whom there was such a capability of good. He hesitated before he adopted the last resource of sending away from the school a black sheep

that disfigured and injured his flock. This process of quiet expulsion was one of the specifics which he most firmly practised, and the unfettered power of doing so was the first and *sine qua non* stipulation that he made previously to his acceptance of the head mastership; however lenient in first instances, he felt that mistaken clemency to the few might, if carried too far, be injustice and cruelty to the many. He never scrupled to weed the confirmed tares out of the corn, and well knowing how small a leaven leavens a large mass, preferred the amputation of a diseased limb to risking the exposure of the whole body to the progress of gangrene. A bad boy was in his eyes the principle of evil, and he held the greatest ignorance and dullness to be comparatively light, compared to confirmed habits of idleness and profligacy, and thought the example of a bold boy, and one popular with his comrades, was the most infectious. He determined, however, to give our Brown a chance, and the next half placed in Tom's study, and under his care, a new boy named Arthur, of delicate frame, and of refined tastes. This lad, the very antithesis of his future friend, was the only son of the widow of a most exemplary clergyman; the father had fallen a victim to over duty in an over-populous and underpaid manufacturing parish, and had early instilled moral and religious principles into his sensitive child. The tender, homesick cutting, so ill-suited to the rough usage of a public school, was thus grafted on a vigorous stock, and imparted some of his aroma to the hardier trunk. This exchange and moral amalgamation tended to mutual benefit. The gentle stranger found in his sturdy guardian a buttress and a back-bone, and one who made school things pleasant or less unpleasant to him, while Tom, feeling the dignity of responsibility, and the duty of watering a twig placed under his care, turned over a new leaf himself, budded, flowered, and in due season produced excellent fruits. His dominant qualities were developed, and by protecting a helpless client, he protected himself. The spirit of the wild animal in him was tamed, and Tom was saved while on the very brink of destruction. The working out this favorite experiment of Arnold's forms the turning-tide in Tom's affairs: the narrative, cleverly told step by step, becomes

saddened by the death of one of the boys, and by a critical illness of Arthur's; the key-note is pitched in a lower tone, and is attuned to serious events. By those who wish merely to while away an idle hour, this latter portion may be found less entertaining than the earlier chapters. It is tinged with reflective and sincere piety; and that such sound sentiments should have ever occurred to any "old boy" at any public school passes the understanding of those who are much older; this higher note rises with the catastrophe, and the conclusion is heightened by the pathos, which is contrasted by the liveliness, dash, and go of the commencement; the drama passes from the comic to the tragic, and the curtain falls like a pall on the sudden and most deplored death of Arnold. Tom, who had left Rugby, while far away sporting in Scotland, casually hears of the appalling event from a callous college-companion. The different impressions produced on them by the intelligence are very powerfully drawn. For Tom sport has now lost its savor; he flies from the moor and burn, and breaks away, urged by deep, loving loyalty to his old master. Driven, as by the gadfly of the Greek tragedy, he hurries, feeding on his sorrows, to perform a pilgrimage to the shrine of his departed hero and saint. He revisits the old scenes, unchanged in material form, but, now that the soul is wanting, all lonely, silent and sad, and where every site recalls the image of him who was its animating spirit, but who has departed never to return: and to this change we must all come. This was the first great event in his life, the first gap that the angel of death had made in his circle. All that was left on earth of him he had honored so much and so long was lying cold under the chapel floor; and faithful to the sun that had set, Tom stood there alone:—

"The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain, and carrying him about whether they would; while beneath them all, his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head and fell in gorgeous colors on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then leaning forward with his head on his hands, groaned aloud. 'If he could

only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes, to have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and revered him, and would by God's help follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away forever without knowing it all, was too much to bear'—'But am I sure that he does not know it all?'—the thought made him start—'May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow—as I shall wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?' He raised himself up and looked round; and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. * * *

"And then came the thought of all his old schoolfellows; and form after form of boys, nobler, and braver, and purer than he, rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling, they who had honored and loved from the first, the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father? Then the grief which he began to

share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar; and while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

"Here let us leave him—where better could we leave him, than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood—at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond.

"And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fulness."

THE *Moniteur Algérien* brings an interesting report on the newly-bored Artesian wells in the Sahara Desert, in the province of Constantine. The first well was bored in the Oasis of Oued-Rir, near Tamerma, by a detachment of the Foreign Legion, conducted by the engineer, M. Jus. The works were begun in May, 1856, and, on the 19th of June, a quantity of water of 4,010 litres per minute, and of a temperature of 21° Réaumur, rushed forth from the bowels of the earth. The joy of the natives was unbounded; the news of the event spread towards the South with unexampled rapidity. People came from long distances, in order to see the miracle; the Marabouts, with great solemnity, consecrated the newly-created well, and gave it the name of "the well of peace." The second well, in Temakin, yielded 35 litres, of 21° temperature, per minute, and from a depth of 85 mètres; this well was called "the well of bliss." A third experiment, not far from the scene of the second, in the Oasis of Tamelhat, was crowned with the result of 120 litres of water per minute. The Marabouts, after having thanked the soldiers in the presence of the whole population, gave them a banquet, and escorted them in solemn procession to the frontier of the Oasis. In another Oasis, that of Sidi-Nached, which had been completely ruined by the drought, the digging of "the well of

gratitude" was accompanied by touching scenes. As soon as the rejoicing outcries of the soldiers had announced the rushing forth of the water, the natives drew near in crowds, plunged themselves into the blessed waves, and the mothers bathed their children therein. The old Emir could not master his feelings; tears in his eyes, he fell down upon his knees, and lifted his trembling hands, in order to thank God and the French. This yields not less than 4,300 litres per minute, from a depth of 54 mètres. A fifth well has been dug at Oum Thiour, yielding 108 litres per minute. Here a part of the tribes of the neighborhood commenced at once the establishment of a village, planting at the same time hundreds of date-palms, and thus giving up their former nomadic life. The last well is that of Shegga, where soon an important agricultural centre will spring up. There is no doubt but that these wells will work in these parts a great social revolution. The tribes which, after the primeval custom of their ancestors, kept wandering from one place to another, will gather round these fertilizing springs, will exchange the herdsman's staff for the plough of the farmer, and thus take the first steps towards a civilization, which, no doubt, will make rapid progress in Northern Africa. —*Athenaeum.*

The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. With a Portrait. 2 vols. 18mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THIS beautiful but cheap edition—in fact, the first complete edition of Whittier's poems—needs only to be announced to be heartily and generally welcomed. For lyric fervor and intensity he is unexcelled, if equalled, by any poet with whose writings we are familiar. And this leading characteristic is combined with a glow of imagination, a tender and graceful fancy, and certain facile command of nervous English and the machinery of versification, which gratify the taste of the fastidious critic as well as the enthusiasm of those who are more affected by the generous sentiments from which the poet derives his inspiration. It would be, however, superfluous to descant minutely on the many beauties which characterize the writings of one so universally appreciated. The reader need only compare the vigorous lyrics entitled "Massachusetts to Virginia," "To Pius IX.," "Our State," and "Leggett's Monument," with "Rafael," "Maud Muller," "Ichabod," "Forgiveness," and "Wordsworth," to understand the range and variety of Whittier's genius. The following introductory stanzas to this collection give the key-note of his poetry:

POEM.

I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sydney's silver phrase,
Sprinkling over noon of time with freshest
morning dew.

Yet vainly in my quiet hours,
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink, with glad, still lips, the blessing of
the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often labor's hurried time,
Or duty's rugged march, through storm and
strike, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the need supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,

And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my
own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong,
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy
shrine!

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE HAUNTING FACE.

1.

WHEN daily cares and thoughts give place
To quickened memories, oft on me—
Sudden, unthought of—gleams a face,
Which no one else will ever see.

2.

No space can be within my ken
But there it haply lies in wait;
The shadows veil it in the glen,
The rays reveal it on the height.

3.

Down-gazing in a stream that lies
Unruffled 'neath the placid air,
I meet the light of those deep eyes,
And catch the gleaming of the hair.

4.

Or, as I watch the changing sky
When fleecy white the blue enshronds,
That face, as from a casement high,
Looks out through openings of the clouds.

5.

The solid darkness of the night
Around it forms a background deep;
It ever greets me, warm and bright,
Within the vestibule of sleep.

6.

Unsought it comes, unbidden stays;
And yet, all dreamlike tho' it be,
No actual form that meets my gaze
Has such significance for me.

7.

It tells of years that golden glide,
Of joys with no regrets between,
Of life expanded, glorified—
Of other things that might have been.

8.

Fair as of yore, as young, as bright,
So glows it on my vision now,
Years never rob the eyes of light,
Nor leave a shadow on the brow.

9.

Yet not on earth, nor in the skies,
Exists the face that haunts me so;
That shining hair, those beaming eyes,
Faded forever, long ago.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

E. B. H.

MANIN.

IN MEMORIAM.

PEACE, noble, broken heart!—to live afar
From thy lost Venice, was it not to die?
So bleak the shelter of our Northern sky,
So sternly cold, its warmest evening star;—
Patient, alone, forsaken after war

By comrades frenetic who passed thee by,
Or called thee recreant for the wisdom high
Which said “No crime our righteous cause shall
mar!”

Gone hence?—gone home!—Yea: on the
calm lagoon
Thy spirit yet shall make Venetians bold,
Who while they wait to see the yellow moon
Make their worn city glorious as of old,
Shall sing thy deeds to some heroic tune,
And pray for place near thine, in Freedom’s
Book of Gold!

—Athenæum.

H. F. C.

From The Saturday Review.
MANIN.

Of the few personal reputations that were made in the disastrous year which followed the Revolution of February, none have been higher or more deserved than that of Daniel Manin. The recent death of this very remarkable man at Paris has given occasion to some of our French contemporaries to pay a tribute to his memory, and the Government has been above the petty jealousy of interfering to prevent the expression of a richly-merited esteem. The few facts that form the outline of Manin’s biography may be found in the Appendix to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where he is judged with sincere admiration, though with rather too much of that patronizing wisdom which is furnished at so cheap a rate by the knowledge of what has actually happened.

Daniel Manin was born in 1804, and has died therefore in the prime of life. Throughout he has shown the same character. He was a man the opposite of all that we associate with the stock notion of an Italian revolutionist—grave, sober, moderate, a lover of law, a zealous supporter of order. He was never mixed up with any of the secret societies. A legist by profession, it was his aim to combat Austria with legal weapons, and wring from her none but pacific victories. He seized on the weaknesses of the Imperial Government, and made a handle of the laws which Austria herself had nominally granted without permitting them actually to be put in force. He asked for a separate Government for Venice and Lombardy, a revision

of codes, an annual budget, freedom of worship and of the press. “Here,” says the writer in the *Deux Mondes*, “lay the whole policy of Manin; it consisted in recognizing Austria in order to combat with it, and to compel it by a pacific agitation to introduce changes which could have no other effect than to inflame the mind of Italy.” The Revolution of 1848 found Manin in prison; and as he was detained illegally, he refused to be set free by the populace, and would only leave his place of detention on a decision of the Tribunal. He was immediately placed at the head of affairs, and made Dictator of the Republic which was proclaimed a month afterwards.

Venice was but slightly bound up with the rest of revolutionary Italy. It had been a republic for centuries, and had only been thrown into the gulf of Austrian despotism by the sweeping changes of the wars of Napoleon. That it should seek to regain its traditional independence under a leader who accidentally bore the name of the last of its Doges, was perfectly natural, if there was but a hope of success to brighten the horrors of the struggle. That it stood a year’s siege against the power of Austria was a great feat of resolution and courage, and has won for the Venetians, even in Austria, a feeling of genuine respect. It was to Manin that the protraction of the defence was chiefly due. He maintained order in the administration of affairs, suppressed anarchy in the city, met the incessant and varying demands of a populace equally unused to arms and unprepared to suffer the distresses of a siege, and gave Venice, in the eyes of Europe, something of the dignity and respectability of a settled government. And he showed that he possessed the true and unselfish wisdom which prefers the substance to the shadow, for when he found that Venice could not support itself singly, he was content that it should be absorbed in Piedmont, if by that means Italy could be preserved to the Italians. When the Piedmontese were obliged to suspend the war, he reassumed the power which fell from their hands, and himself carried on to the end the struggle in his own city. He had the honor of continuing the contest long after it had elsewhere ceased; and although the issue could not be doubtful, we can hardly say that the efforts of the Venetians were useless, for they tended more perhaps than

any thing else to redeem the Italians generally from the reputation of a short-lived valor and a halting policy, for which many of the events of 1848 furnished, unhappily, considerable grounds.

After the capitulation of Venice, in 1849, Manin retired to France, where he lived a quiet and retired life. In spite of all, he was still full of hope. He occupied himself in making appeals to his countrymen to rally round the House of Savoy, provided the Sovereigns of Piedmont would show themselves really in earnest for the common cause. He displayed in this, as in all the great actions of his life, a simple and single-hearted goodness. He was one of those revolutionists who aim only at what is practicable, and who are ready to sacrifice themselves and their prepossessions to the achievement of what really lies within their grasp, however limited that may be. It is only because such revolutionists are so few, and because the incessant action of despotism tends to make them continually fewer, that revolutions fail, and despotism endures. The contrast between the recent conduct of Mazzini and that of Manin is so obvious, that it is hardly worth while to praise Manin at the expense of the man who lately made the foolish and fatal attack on the sovereignty of Sardinia. As, however, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* institutes the comparison, we have nothing to do but to concur in its observations. But as we have

borrowed so much from the *Deux Mondes*, we cannot conclude without expressing our dissent from the language it holds respecting the other revolutionary attempts in Italy. It seems to us simply absurd to say that "the Republic at Rome was the subversion of the world; the Republic of Manin was only a form of the independence of Italy." There is great injustice and rashness in such antithetical epigrams. The inhabitants of Rome had every reason to revolt which can justify a revolution; but they had the misfortune to be under the dominion of a Prince whom it was the interest of the then existing Government of France to support, in order to conciliate the favor of the priests. Nor is there less injustice to individuals than to a cause in such a latitude of abuse. If Manin, in the latter years of his life, conciliated the esteem of the Parisians, we in England have given a welcome equally cordial, and founded on a sense of personal merit equally deep, to one of the Roman triumvirs. It is a small but a very curious and significant episode in the revolutionary history of Italy, that the University of Oxford, so long the type and fountain-head of the stiffest decorum and most straitlaced respect for constituted authorities, should have created a new office of instruction, in order to attach to its body the reputation, the historical associations, and the high personal qualities of Professor Saffi.

COPPER IN THE SEA.—Experiments are now in progress to show that the sea is constantly charged with a solution of copper. Mr. Septimus Piesse caused a bag of iron nails to be hung from the sides of steamers passing between Marseilles and Nice, and obtained a precipitation of copper upon the iron. He finds the same metal in the substance of animals inhabiting the sea, and recommends the popular experiment of putting an oyster—a *bad one*, if possible—on the blade of a knife, and leaving it there for twenty-four hours, when, on the removal of the oyster, the copper will be found on the knife. In Mr. Piesse's opinion, the beautiful blue color of some portions of the Mediterranean is due to an ammoniacal salt of copper, while the greenness of other seas is owing to the chloride of copper.—*Chambers' Journal*.

OURIOUS PARALLELISM OF CUSTOMS.—It is a custom in Berwickshire among women-workers in the field, when their backs become much tired by bowing low down while singling turnips

with short-shanked hoes, to lie down upon their faces to the ground, allowing others to step across the lower part of their backs, on the lumbar region, with one foot, several times, until the pain of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his *First Footsteps in East Africa*, narrates a very similar custom in females who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and who "lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs, trampling and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants refreshed."—*Notes and Queries*.

A NEW TRADE TRICK.—When, after all forms of puffing have been exhausted in vain, a book remains unsold, a fresh title-page is printed. The volume formerly called "The War in the Punjab," is now called "The Bengal Mutiny." "Misery," a tale of appalling interest, reappears as "Woe! Woe!" a work which should be in every young lady's hands. It will come out next year as "Eualine; or the Story of an Anguished Heart."—*Leader*.

From The Spectator,
MRS. GREEN'S CALENDAR OF STATE
PAPERS.*

MORE than twenty years ago, when Record Reform was a current subject from its actual necessity, we several times threw out suggestions as to the right mode of dealing with our national muniments, in opposition to the plans adopted by the various Commissions. Those plans consisted in selecting, without much system, a few records, and reprinting them at vast expense, while the great bulk of our documents were left unknown and neglected, very often to be stolen or to perish by damp. As long ago as 1834,† we remarked that though Commissions cannot write a history, they may prepare its raw material. "They may arrange and classify our multitudinous state papers. They may, with competent assistance, state the scope and bearing of each document; they may copy the most striking and important, or better still, the whole of our archives, in a legible hand and publish a complete catalogue raisonnée."

In the three-and-twenty years that have elapsed since this was written much has been done in the way of record reform, although the great record reformer, the late Sir Harris Nicolas, reaped little benefit from the improvements he mainly contributed to bring about. Many of our principal records are removed, or in the course of removal, to a central and secure place of deposit; they can be consulted by any one "upon reasonable terms." We do not know that their perusal has been facilitated by legible copies; persons who desire to peruse records must still master the calligraphy or rather the cæcography as well as the language. A beginning, however, has been made in the most important point of the whole, a catalogue raisonnée of our records. We believe that more than one publication has already appeared; but the only one which has reached us is Mrs. Everett Green's first volume of the Calendar of the Domestic Series of state papers for the reign of James the First, preserved in the State Paper Office.

* *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series of the Reign of James the First, 1603-1610. Preserved in the State Paper Department of her Majesty's Public Record Office.* Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green, Author of "The Lives of the Princesses of England," &c. Under the Direction of her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. Published by Longmans and Co.

† *Spectator* for 1834, page 86.

It is a very painstaking work; exhibiting great power of condensation, a terse clearness of expression, and, so far as a judgment can be formed in the absence of the original documents whose scope and nature are presented, much acumen in seizing the pith of the matter. The particular period has been well chosen by Mrs. Green for her experiment, not merely because the age of James the First embraces the union of England and Scotland under one ruler, but because every thing that falls under the head of politics and manners has much greater resemblance to the modes of thinking and feeling in our day than the remoter middle ages or even the earlier Tudor times. For a similar reason, "state papers" form a better storehouse for the reign of James the First than those more legal documents that are popularly understood by the word "records." For the Norman Kings, and during the greater part of the Plantagenets, our knowledge of manners, habits, and modes of business, is mainly derivable from public documents. Under the last Tudor and the first Stuart, these things are better supplied by the current literature of the day; while the most valuable records relating to political or historical information naturally gravitate towards the Executive, and become "State papers." It might be objected that the same identity of opinion between the two ages which makes us sympathize more completely with the topics of the papers would facilitate their consultations in the originals; whereas an interpreter is a necessity to most inquirers for the remote and crabbed records of the ancient times. To which it may be answered, that a work of such immense extent as a catalogue raisonnée of our records must to a certain extent be done as it can. A more cogent treason for the present publication is, that the very object of a catalogue is to save the necessity of wading through original documents or even inspecting them if not necessary to the purpose in hand. The multiplicity of matters touched upon in the volume before us is almost inconceivable without examination. In the greater historical subjects there are the Gunpowder treason, the plot that was made an excuse to condemn and finally to murder Raleigh, the plan of James for a union of the kingdoms, and similar events. The lesser historical questions extend from great plots and political topics to reports of

the evil-disposed having evilly spoken. In individual cases, there are grants of peerages and great estates down to licenses to export a cargo or open an alehouse. The historian, the biographer, the antiquarian, the topographer, or the practical searcher after information relative to a title, an estate, or a pedigree, has in this volume the pith of fifty-nine volumes of manuscript documents. An examination in an easy chair will tell him at once what papers are likely to be of use to him, and what he may safely disregard. It is only, in fact, by descriptive catalogues such as this before us that our records can be made extensively useful. Render them as accessible and as legible as you may, they are available to no man in their full utility. To read even a class of them, would take a large space out of a man's life while in haphazard selection the precise documents may very probably be missed; and haphazard all selections must be, even with the assistance of a keeper, as one mind cannot tell what use another mind may make of a document. Mrs. Green's Calendar is therefore not merely to be judged by itself and for its uses, but to be welcomed as the herald of a great national desideratum.

In itself, however, the Calendar is of curiosity and value, apart from the [direct uses already indicated. Of course it is fragmentary giving only glimpses of many events: the execution is necessarily confined to the scope of the various papers, and generally partakes of the character of jottings: frequently the matter is dry and bare in the extreme. But at all events there is the pith of fifty-nine volumes of state papers, from 1603 to 1610, arranged in continuous chronological order, and accompanied by an elaborate index—which might perhaps have been rendered still more elaborate. Neither does the condensation always deprive the original of its quality, while sometimes Mrs. Green drops in a few characteristic original words. Here are joy and compliments, if not at the death of the great Queen, at least at the succession.

" March 25. London. Sir Robert Cecil, Secretary of State, to King James. Hopes his sincere and undivided service to his present mistress [England] will be an argument of future fidelity. Will hasten to him as soon as his public duties will permit.

" March 26. Discourse by Sir Robert Cotton of the descent of James I. from the Saxon Kings.

" March 28. Edinburgh. Alexander Lord Elphinstone to the Master of Gray. Tidings of Queen Elizabeth's decease and of his Majesty's proclamation were brought by Sir Robert Carey on Saturday at midnight [March 26.] The King 'thinks best of Master Secretary [Cecil] of any creature living.' Will be glad to speak with him."

The following orders are of a less pleasing cast, and furnish another confirmation of the practice of torture in England. It might not, however, be legal—that is, "known" to the law, but an encroachment or usurpation by regal powers, like sundry other things.

" April 19. Whitehall. The council to Lord Chief Justice Popham and others. Direct them further to examine Philip May, now in the Tower, and to put him to the rack, if necessary.

" April 19. Tower. Examination of Philip May, servant of Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon, on his assertions as to the King's favoring Catholics, and on his threats against him, if the bills to be brought into Parliament for their toleration be rejected. * * *

" April 20. Whitehall. The same [the Council] to Sir John Peyton, Lieutenant of the Tower. The Attorney-General and others are to examine Phil. May by torture unless he confess all.

" April 20. Tower. Second examination of P. May, as to his assertions touching the increase of Papists in England since the death of Queen Elizabeth, and his threats against the life of the King."

And later, touching the Gunpowder Plot, under the gentle pedant's own hand.

" 1605. Nov. 6. Forenoon. Tower. Examination of John Johnson (Guy Faukes) as to the storing of powder, &c. in the Parliament cellar,—his connexions abroad,—whether Mr. Percy would have allowed the Earl of Northumberland to perish, &c. He refuses to inculpate any person, saying, 'youe would have me discover my frendes: the giving warning to one overthrew us all.' Signed 'John Johnson.' [G. Plot, Bk., No. 16 A.]

" Nov. 6. The King to the Lords Commissioners [for the Plot]. Proposes interrogatories to be put to the prisoner. Suggests whether he be not the author of a 'cruel pasquil' against himself, for assuming the 'name of Britain' (King of Great Britain,) in which his destruction was prophesied. 'The gentler tortours are to be first usid unto him, *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*; and so God speede youre goode worke.' [In the King's own hand. Ibid., No. 17.]"

A great cause of the unpopularity of James in his own day, and of the contempt with

which posterity regards him, was his pacific notions, or, as his subjects thought, the timorous and servile way in which he sacrificed the national honor and snubbed the national spirit. Scarcely had he reached London before he recalls the letters of reprisal which Elizabeth had issued, and that notwithstanding spoliations against the English were going on according to the loose system of the day.

"May. Declaration by the King, that all letters of reprisal granted by the late Queen are become void on her decease, and summoning all to whom they were granted to desist from molestation or spoil, and return home.

"May. Declaration by Captain Baynard, that eight Dunkirkers have carried off a Portuguese prize, taken by him and left in Torbay harbor. With the draft of a request from the French Ambassador to procure its restitution.

"June 23. Greenwich. Proclamation recalling the commissions granted by the late Queen for warlike ships to take Spanish vessels as prizes."

The closer approach to a Roman censorship, which the power of authority and public opinion then permitted, introduced certain delicate questions into what would now be called the Home Department, that would be left to take their own course in the present day.

"1604. April 7. Hen. Bowcher to the Heads of Houses at Oxford. Explains the circumstances under which Mary Worley visited him in man's attire.

"April 7. Oxford. Sentence of the Heads of Houses on the above case. Bowcher and Worley are to confess their offences in the parish-church, and to be married there on the 16th of April.

"April. All Soul's, Oxford. Hen. Bowcher to the Proctor of the University. He is in debt; begs the Vice-Chancellor will not authorize his arrest; will be asked publicly in St. Mary's Church, and be married the following Sunday. * * *

"April 16. Oxford. Confessions of Henry Bowcher and Mary Worley publicly read in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, and certified by the Minister."

The Union of the Kingdoms, which James had much at heart, was one of those views which are beyond the age in which they are propounded. It was a large idea, if James had any higher objects than the enlargement of his style and title. These are only a few of the papers on the subject.

"April 17? [The King] to [Lord Cecil.] Bids him 'adjure the Judges,' on their conscience and allegiance, to declare whether he cannot use the title of Great Britain, by warrant of an act of Parliament, without direct abrogation of the laws of the two kingdoms. [Fragment in his own hand. Indorsed by Cecil, 'The King's addition to his speech.']

"1604. April 18? Discourse on the unions of kingdoms in name; alleging precedents from ancient and modern history, and arguments in favor of the King's adopting the title of King of Great Britain. Imperfect.

"[April 18.] Abstract of a speech in the House of Commons, in favor of the union of the two kingdoms. Indorsed, 'Reasons for the union with Scotland, gathered out of Hollinshead.'

"[April 26.] Notes of a speech [in the House of Commons] by Sir Edwin Sandys on unions as being threefold—by marriage, by election, or by conquest: there is no precedent, in either of the former cases, of union of laws and privileges and of change of title; inconsistency of the proposal that the King be styled 'King of Britanny' only in his dealings with foreign princes. Urges that a committee consider three objections, omitted in Sir Fras. Bacon's relation, against the change of style, viz. that it would free subjects from their oath of allegiance, dissolve treaties with foreign princes, and create confusion in point of precedence. [No. 57, *supra*.]"

A matter which early excited the King's attention as head of the Church was the smallness of many livings; and he proposed a plan to the Universities, which, steadily carried out, would have very much lessened the evil.

"July 8. The King to the Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Finding the want of competent livings, a great impediment to a learned ministry, he intends to restore such impropriate tithes as have devolved upon the Crown, hoping others will do the same. Urges the Universities to set the example, and to hold meetings for deliberating on the best mode of accomplishing it.

"July 8? The Same to the Heads of Colleges. In response to a petition for maintenance of a preaching ministry, intends, as the leases of impropriate tithes fall in, to devote them to that purpose. Hopes they, as 'the lights of the land,' will do the same. Requests a list of the students fitted for the ministry.

"1603. July 9. Croydon. John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, to the King. Remonstrates against his letter to the Universities for restoration of impropriate tithes;

will attend his Majesty to make known the inconveniences thereof, which will be the overthrow of the Universities and of learning.
Annealed is

"Statement by the Archbishop of Canterbury of the inconveniences likely to result from the alteration of the University impropriations."

The majority of the documents being on matters of business, shut out personal peculiarities, but they occasionally appear. Here is some gross flattery from Northampton.

"Aug. 7. Earl of Northampton to the King. Suffers from the pangs of absence from his sweet master. Uncertain whether the Constable [of Castile, Spanish Ambassador Extraordinary] will come to London by land or water; reports of his littleness and want of courtesy. Regrets that his arrival will shorten the King's sports. * * *

"Aug. 10. Earl of Northampton to the King. The Constable of Castile is delighted with his reception, and praises his Majesty's learning, sweetness, frankness, and faithfulness; particulars of the Constable's personal appearance; his journey to London; the Queen met him, masked in a boat on the Thames."

What project was this anticipation of steam?

"1604? Thos. Wildgoose to Visct. Cranborne. His first work shall be a boat of pleasure 'for his Majesty and his fair Queen to sport up and down the Thames,' 'and no man perceive how it goeth.' Wants patent to build 'shippes and boates to go after the like sort.'"

Glimpses of strange customs are given now and then, as in this passing notice of the persons who professionally embalmed.

"1605. Jan. 23. Grant to the Company of Barbers and Surgeons of London, of new charter and confirmation of their ancient lands and liberties. No butcher, tailor, &c. to embalm dead bodies, but only chirurgeons, &c. &c. [Docquet.]"

The following Erasmus Dryden would seem to be the poet's grandfather, who, according to Scott, was created a knight-baronet in the seventeenth year of James the First. The fact of his imprisonment for acting in religious matters with other gentlemen of the county, scarcely supports Derrick's affirmation that the poet was bred an Anabaptist; but it seems to prove beyond a doubt that Dryden was bred to a very different kind

of religion from that which he followed when a courtier, or in which he closed his career.

"Feb. ? Sir Richd. Knightley and Sir Wm. Lane to the King. Solicit his Majesty's pardon for having subscribed, with other [Northamptonshire] gentleman, a petition in favor of the deprived nonconforming ministers.

"Feb. ? Erasmus Dryden to the same. Prays to be released from prison, as the [Northamptonshire] petition was only a testimonial of the godliness of the preachers in the county."

In our paper of 1834 already alluded to, we suggested the publication of some documents complete. We did not mean upon the plan adopted by one of the Commissions occupying six folios with one reign, and seeming to go upon the difficult if not impossible principle of superseding a reference to the original papers. We merely intended specimens interesting in themselves or as illustrations. The two following are of this kind. In the first we should probably have some evidence of what took place at that dramatic scene the murder of Rizzio: the second is important if it only threw a gleam of light upon that mysterious question the decay and final extinction of serfdom in England.

"May ? Petition of Sir Anthony Standen, and Anthony Standen, his brother, to the King, for arrears of pensions granted them by the late Queen of Scots. They went into Scotland with Margaret, Countess of Lennox, and held posts in the household of King Henry Darnley; have suffered exile and imprisonment for their attachment to the King's parents. *

"May ? Narrative of Sir Ant. Standen having saved the Queen of Scots from being stabbed by one of Ruthven's followers at the time of Rizzio's murder. * * *

"May 18. Grant of manumission to John Williamson, miller, a bondman and villein, regardant to the manor of Gymbingham, co. Norfolk, releasing him and his children. [Docquet.]"

In the few quotations made from this volume, many subjects have been left unnoticed altogether, and those which are drawn upon have been little more than touched, leaving whole crops for those who like to follow. It is a remarkable work, essential to the student of history, of manners, or of local story, as well as to various professional men.

From The Spectator.

NEW ZEALAND IN 1857.

ACCIDENT has given us a glimpse of New Zealand through very interesting private letters, as if some miraculous atmospheric refraction had for a moment enabled us to see the islands at a glance. In all parts there is activity and progress; nowhere does there appear to be the slightest relaxation in the effort to promote the expansion of colonization, the increase of trade, or the political influence of the colonists. The greatest activity, indeed, appears still to lie about the Southern part of the Northern Island and the settled portions of the Middle Island. One evidence of strong vitality is the amount of revenue derived from customs-duties, which is increasing everywhere. At Wellington, the great Government expenditure is stimulating trade, and the produce of the customs for the March quarter exceeded £10,000. At Otago, Lyttelton, and Nelson, there is even a more healthy increase; and notwithstanding a temporary flatness of trade in the North, from the depression of the Australian markets, the produce for the port of Auckland during the year will be nearly £45,000: an increase of duties upon spirits and tobacco had told favorably upon the customs, showing that the just maximum of the tariff had not been exceeded.

The Canterbury land-sales are said to be going on at the rate of £2000 a month. Free Kirk Otago is negotiating with millionaires at Melbourne for the immediate sale of a large slice of her territory; and is beginning to talk of paying off her share of the New Zealand Company's debt in a lump. Meanwhile, the purchases of land from the Natives are going on briskly: the treasury at Auckland has recently been obliged to open its sluices for the purpose of releasing large districts of waste land from the unprofitable control of their Native lords and opening them to British colonization.

While the colonists are carrying on an active trade with each other, cultivating the natural resources of New Zealand and extending British settlement, they are, like all Anglo-Saxons, preparing for active intercourse with other communities, especially of their own blood. The colonists complain that the steam question does not move so rapidly as it should; but in their complaints and in their efforts we clearly see the energy

which will soon settle this difficulty. An agreement had been made, prospectively, with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company for connecting New Zealand with the Mother-country and with Australia by the Panama route;—New Zealand to contribute £15,000 towards the £65,000 which the entire service will cost. But this does not satisfy the demands of the colony; the arrangement seems doubtful of completion, and at all events it would not commence for two years from the date of our advices. Meanwhile, the colonists are looking to the Mother-country to supply their present needs; and these, we perceive, are in course of being met by English enterprise.

Behind our countrymen we see the Natives commencing a new movement, interesting to us as illustrating the motives on which aboriginal subjects of the British Crown in distant territories have sought to recover independence and to restore old usages. The Natives of New Zealand have become keenly alive to the miseries of want of law, which we have hitherto failed to supply: at all times they have shown aspirations for the maintenance of a separate nationality. This sentiment has been an effective cause of obstruction to our acquisition of land from them. More recently it has taken the shape of an agitation for the establishment of "a Maori King,"—probably meaning a *chief* with jurisdiction in certain Native matters, but subordinate to the greater power of the British Crown. Mixed up with vaguer longings, there is among the younger men, trained by the Missionaries, a strong desire to imitate the social arrangements of the British colonists. The spontaneous agitation is described as taking a practical form. Self-constituted Native magistrates are administering justice after the European fashion in several Waikato villages; and the Maoris are ambitious to try their hands at legislation,—probably aiming at a species of wittenagemote or Maori general assembly, which they wish the Governor to convene. In all this we perceive a plainly-asserted claim of natural and national independence, based on an earnest desire for better government. We also perceive that there are two parties among the Maoris: the Tories—conservative perchance of the old anthropophagous principle; and the Reformers. The first will be extinguished if the last be satisfied. The English in New Zealand

are in a position different from that of the English in India: they constitute the real community, with a co-resident tribe—not a shipload of British floating in an ocean of Hindooism. Besides, they have their own government in their own hands, and plans are already propounded to meet the demand. These plans for the moment we only report, reserving our opinion for maturer consideration. Magistrates, it is said, will be appointed to hold circuit courts in Native districts; the number of assessors will be increased, and the Natives will be invited to introduce among their customs the simple forms of self-government and the administration of justice, by assembling on court-days to discuss their local affairs and submitting themselves to awards of the Anglo-Saxon Solomons. Probably the Governor will be authorized to give the resolution passed by these Native assemblies the force of by-laws in Native districts. By the same machinery, it is expected, the Maoris may be induced to abandon their more barbarous customs,—such as tapu, spoliation of persons related to an offender, punishment of witchcraft, betrothal of girls without their consent, &c. If the ambition that they are displaying be guided rightly, instead of thwarted, they will probably, as a matter of pride, substitute British customs for the Native crudities of law. This extension of the reality of government of the Maoris may perhaps involve some increase of expenditure; but that, say the Philomaorists, would be met by economy in other directions, and by the great advantage which would be derived from converting them into an active and useful band of fellow colonists on their own soil.

The *New Zealander* reports a meeting held at Rangiriri in the middle of May last, which virtually constituted a political assembly to discuss the question of establishing a *Maori King*! The meeting appears to have originated in a festival given by two tribes to honor the death of a chief; and the festivities occupied five days, of which the last two were devoted to political business. The raw materials of the festival consisted of "15 bullocks, 20,000 dried sharks, 20 baskets of fresh eels, 100,000 dried eels, 50 baskets of patiki and mataitai, 30 bags of sugar, 8000 kits of potatoes and kumeras, 1500 pounds of tobacco, and a large quantity of flour," &c. The natives made no secret of the dis-

cussion, and several Europeans were present, including Mr. Fenton, a magistrate, who appears to have furnished the report. The Maoris were clothed almost entirely in blankets and other indigenous garments. The first day was devoted to the reconciliation of old hostilities; the great men of different tribes sang songs to each other, and formally buried in oblivion the remembrance of ancient hatreds and former battles. On the second day at ten o'clock, the Maoris assembled, in black cloth suits, with black neckerchiefs and in highly European costume; they ranged themselves in an open space at the end of a temporary town; in the centre were the leaders and principal speakers, each man with a paper and pencil to take notes of the proceedings. One party displayed a flag, which was understood to be devoted to the new King; a white flag with a red border, bearing two red crosses in token of adhesion to Christianity, with the inscription, "Potatau, King of New Zealand." The other party had hoisted the Union Jack. On the third side of the square were Maoris who appeared to have joined neither party; and on the fourth side were Native teachers, headed by Hoera and Heta.

"Heta having read prayers, including the prayer for the Queen, Hoera delivered a short address on moderation and temper.

"Te Kerei (from the Loyal side) rose and said—'Commence your talking.'"

Hoera—"The talk will be about the flags; let them be disposed of. Direct all the speeches to that end."

Paora—"God is good. Israel were his people; they had a king. I see no reason why any nation should not have a king if they wish for one. The Gospel does not say that we are not to have a king. It says 'honor the king: love the brotherhood.' Why should the Queen be angry? We shall be in alliance with her, and friendship will be preserved. The Governor does not stop fights and murders among us; a king will be able to do that. Let us have order, so that we may grow as the Pakehas grow. Why should we disappear from the country? New Zealand is ours; I love it."

Takirei Te Rau—"The first Governor came and gave the word 'friendship'; so did the second; the third; and so does Governor Browne. The source of this word is God. It came in the Gospel; and now there is added the law. What more do we want? I think this is the open road; the new one is overgrown and dark. I will not walk in it.

Friendship to the Governor is the road to the Queen. Go on this road; it is the road to good. Let us go on this road."

Takirau—"This is the road—that word 'friendship.' But it applies to both sides. Our King would be friendly with the Queen. Their flags will be tied together. [Hoists the King's flag and ties it to the Jack.] I say, let us be like all other lands, who have kings, and glory, and honor. That is a clear road. Let us be strong to fasten on this. Let the blessing of God, which rests on all lands and their king, rest on us. If I asked the Queen to leave her throne, I should be wrong; but all I ask is, that the dignity which now rests on her should rest on our king, so that this land may be in peace and be honored. Let the Queen and Pakehas occupy the seacoast, and be a fence around us."

Wiremu Te Wheoro—"I agree in what Takirau says—friendship—alliance. I know that road: I don't know any other. (Pointing to the new flag.) Let that flag go down; I don't like it. Let its old honor remain but don't seek any fresh dignity."

Mohi—"This is my word. Don't wander about. Wash out the writing on the new flag. I don't like it. It frightens me. Wash out the writing, and let the staff help to support the Queen's flag. Lean to it, its ancient honor; the honor of old, of old, of old."

Paora—"Give me some soap to wash it out?" (i. e. give me a reason.)

Mohi—"Why did you write these words? The new flag must kill the old; not the old one the new. What is the wrong in the old flag?"

Paora—"The Gospel came; then the Queen. At that time we were foolish and ignorant; now we know. At first the missionaries said, make a king to keep convicts and bad Pakehas away. But we did wrong; we agreed to the Queen. Now, we are all grown up—we are no longer children—we can walk alone. We are fit for a king. You can't find any where in the Bible that the Queen should have the only honor. Show me where, that I may know. We cannot be always in childhood."

Tarawahai—"Let me speak. Don't say why should we add fresh honor to Potatau? Remember, the honor conferred on him will belong to us all. What is the use of eyes, arms, and body, without a head?"

Takirau here made several quotations from Scripture.

Heta—"Leave out the Scriptures; don't bring them in here. If you bring in these quotations, we shall wander about, for they are inapplicable, and you do not understand the context. Scripture is a very sacred thing,

and should not be used lightly. I shall be angry with you if you persist."

Wiremu Te Awaiaita—"I am a small man and a fool. I am ignorant of these Scripture quotations. Ngatihau, don't be dark; Waikato, listen; Taupo, attend. My name has been heard in the old day, and sometimes it is still mentioned. I am going to speak mildly, like a father. My word is this, —I promised the Governor, when he came to see me, and I promised all the rest, that I would stick to him and be a subject of the Queen. I intend to keep my promise, for they have kept theirs. Mine was the desire to sell, and they gave me money. Why do you bring that new flag here? There is bother in it. I can't see my way clear. But I know there is trouble in that flag. I am content with the old one. It is seen all over the world, and belongs to me. I get some of its honor. What honor can I get from your flag? It is like a fountain without water. Don't trouble me. You say we are slaves. If acknowledging that flag makes me a slave, I am a slave. Let me alone. Don't bring your bother here. Go back to the mountains. Let us alone in peace. I and the Governor will take our own course. That's all."

This renowned chief's address had so powerful an effect on its hearers that long silence followed its delivery.

The next speaker, however, said "I want order and laws. A king could give us these better than the Governor; for the Governor has never done any thing except when a Pakeha was killed. He lets us kill and fight each other; a king would stop these evils." At the instance of these speakers, "the new flag" was pulled down. Another Maori replaced it. "Let the flag stand," said a third, "but wash out the writing. The White men have the money, the knowledge, every thing. I shall remain a subject to the Queen." "But," he added, "I accept fully the arrangement made between the Governor and Potatau—laws, a director, and the assembly."

The discussion began to wax warm; on which the leader of the teachers called out "Let us pray:" and the proceeding thus ended for the time; the new flag being at that time down.

On the third day the business was resumed in a highly allegorical form after prayer—

A Chief of the Wherukoko—"Our motto is love to New Zealand." (A native song.)

Potatau—"Wash me, my friends; I am

covered with mud. Love, Gospel, and friendship. Ngatihaua, work, continue to work. The kotutu sits upon a stump and eats the small fish; when he sees one he stoops down and catches it, lifts up his head and swallows it. That is his constant work. William, you understand your work. When the sun shines we see him." (A song.)

Hoani Papita—"Fresh water is lost when it minglest with the salt." (A song.)

Te Wikiha—Song, for the land that it should be retained, joined in chorus by the whole two thousand.

Te Kerehi—"I shall stick to the Governor; I remember his talk with Potatau in this place. I asked him for laws, for a director, for an assembly."

On the following day, the conference was resumed; and eventually, with much ceremony, the King's flag was lowered to half-mast and tied to the English flag. "But," said a Native to the Kingites, "do not be sad; and (to the Loyal party) do not you be joyful, for remember that though the flag is lowered the writing remains." The Loyal party won the day at Waikato; but the flag was despatched to other tribes in the south of New Zealand, to convene a larger meeting, for the purpose of inducing Potatau to accept the office of King, or to appoint some one else.

[From the Ohio State Journal.]

PARODIES UPON EMERSON. — *Brahma and Mumbo Jumbo*.—"Ah, that has the right ring!" shouted my friend, the disciple of Emerson, as I penetrated the smoke which ever makes an Indian summer in his apartment.

"This is true poetry!" and he waved triumphantly in the air a leaf torn from the new *Atlantic Monthly*.

The fire in his grate burned low and fitfully; a dim light, mistily transcendental, struggled from the tallow dip, whose snuff had grown long and thick-headed in the rapt inattention of my friend; but on his face the inspiration of a Ralph-Waldo-and-Whisky "half and half," shone like a sunrise.

"Listen," said he, and his voice trembled with emotion as he read :

BRAHMA—BY R. W. EMERSON.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunlight are the same,
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings:
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

His voice, freighted with the thought and feeling of the poet's words, lapsed for a moment into silence, and then timidly resumed, as he took from his left hand vest pocket, a piece of brown paper, scrawled over with strange, and to me unintelligible characters.

"And here is an echo—faint, it is true—but still, I think, an echo to that wondrous throng, reverberating from the craggy heights of my own mind." And his modest words, "Still, I

think an echo," seemed to me interwoven with each line he read of the poem, which, unknown to him, I send to you.

MUMBO JUMBO.

Rise, Jupiter, with emerald hair,
And wake the snakes of Thessaly;
Who does not know that pancakes are
Devoured subjectively—and why?

Wise sages, of the olden time,
With introverted vision look;
But, ah! a pip is not a dime,
And for mixed snifters can't be took.

Go, lovers of the sacred Styx,
And grind your laughter into tears;
While plaintive melody of bricks
Floats through the silence of the years.

Ye cannot count me as I run;
I play with stars at pitch and toss;
I am the uncle of the sun.—
Half alligator and half hoss.

But shadowed by the ebon rose
That shakes its petals from the sky,
Comes Morpheus, walking on his toes,
And knocks creation into *pi*!

Here is another and better parody :

[From the Providence Journal.]

MUTTON.

If the fat butcher thinks he slays,
Or he, the mutton, thinks he's slain,
Why, "truth is truth," the eater says—
"I'll come, and 'cut and come again.'"

To hungry wolves that on him leer,
Mutton is sheep, and sheep the same:
No famished god would at him sneer—
To famine, chops are more than fame.

Who hiss at him, him but assures
That they are geese, but wanting wings—
Your coat is his whose life is yours,
And ba! the hymn the mutton sings.

Ye curs, and gods of grander blood
And you ye paddies fresh from Cork,
Come taste—ye lovers of the good—
Eat! stuff! and turn your back on pork.

From The Saturday Review.

MM. SUE AND QUINET ON THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION.*

AMONG the few Englishmen who take a lively interest in the domestic politics of Western Europe, the feeling has been strongly against the *parti prêtre* in the struggle which is in progress between it and the Continental Liberals. Many causes have concurred to produce this result. The open aid which the Church of Rome has given to the despots, the servility with which she licked the feet of each successive victor in the late French convulsions, and the contest in Belgium, in which the Church seems to have been in the wrong, have all contributed to the prejudice. The Liberals, of course, have felt for their namesakes elsewhere who were in difficulties—forgetting to inquire whether the relationship went further than the name, and whether Mazzini hatching an anarchical conspiracy is a fair translation of Roebuck agitating for a Reform Bill. And, in a great number of minds, there has been the feeling—a feeling apparently inherent in Englishmen, and excited to madness by the extravagances of the convert school—that all who go with the Pope must be wrong, and that all who go against him must be right. To this last class we beg to recommend, as profitable reading, the lucubrations of M. Quinet and M. Eugène Sue, on the religious situation of Europe. They are, or, rather were, not undistinguished writers of the party, and fair representatives of the spirit of the *litterateurs* of whom it is mainly composed.

They begin by lamenting the present degradation of the human race. The following is M. Quinet's appreciation of the generation in which he lives :

"It is the most terrible thing in the world to see States and peoples sit down quietly under the shade of an old, dead religion. Great God! what silence! what darkness! how quickly the simplest ideas disappear! how rapidly night sets in upon the mind of man! Listen, my friend! There are great States and great peoples, whom I do not name, among whom you will not hear a pulsation, a breath of moral existence. Has a

whole society disappeared? It is the silence of a desert. Even the tribune of England only cries for the barter of all that remains of truth and honor upon earth. . . . Come, all ye great practical minds, the most eminent for common sense—Bacon, Montesquieu, Mirabeau, who have said a hundred times that your light would never pale, and that darkness was powerless against eternal day—come and see what they have made of your divine brilliancy. That greedy, hardened, stupid, besotted, abject being who crawls and clings—is that the man that you knew and that you promised?"

They proceed to consider what remedy can be applied to this melancholy condition of affairs. The evil, of course, entirely arises from the Christian religion; and the question is, how is this incubus to be got rid of? M. Quinet enumerates three ways in which an objectionable religion may be overthrown. The only effective method he considers to be force, without which, in his view, no extensive change of religion has ever taken place in the world. But, as he says, however efficacious it may be there is this obvious objection to it in the present instance, that he and his friends are the last persons likely to be in a condition to employ it. M. Sue, however, in the posthumous production before us, overlooks this paltry obstacle, and avows himself strongly inclined to a little wholesome coercion. Accordingly, he draws up a petition for circulation in free countries, in which, after having recited that "there is no sort of connection between morality, which is one and eternal, and religions which are essentially diverse, variable, and contradictory," he proceeds to pray that no single clergyman may ever be admitted to teach in schools. We shall shortly see that M. Sue's morality, even on the elementary question of truth, is not so perfectly at one with that of the rest of the world as he seems to think; and with respect to other simple matters, such as murder and thieving, few people have been so successful as the adherents of the *République Démocratique et Sociale* in proving that men are not much more unanimous on the subject of morality than they are on that of belief. The next of M. Quinet's methods of disposing of an effete religion is to oppose to it "the pure light of reason and philosophy." The only

* *Lettres sur la Question Religieuse, en 1856, par Eugène Sue; précédées de Considérations sur la Situation Religieuse et Morale de l'Europe, par Edgar Quinet. Bruxelles. 1857.*

objection he finds to this method is that it has invariably failed. People will think that they are misled if you strip them at once of all their ancient beliefs, and fall inevitably back into the most sordid superstition. M. Sue entirely agrees with him:

"One must accept men as they are, and take their present weaknesses into account, if we wish to cure them; and the cure, to be lasting, must pass through the necessary phases. . . . As a freethinker, fully alive to the dangers of every religion, I yet admit the necessity of a religion—as a transition, it is true; but I must repeat it, you must distinguish the possible from the desirable. . . . The enormous majority of Catholics, fatally habituated to religious observances, will long feel the imperative necessity of a worship. No doubt it will become more purified, simplified, and spiritualized; but I am afraid that for a long time yet a worship will be indispensable."

Accordingly, he proceeds to look around him for some worship without a creed which will serve his purpose. He has sense enough to see that "*en nos temps modernes un culte se n'improvise point*," as he passes sadly in review those which his eminent predecessors have in vain attempted to invent. The worship of the Goddess of Reason, "spite of the incontestable elevation of the idea it symbolized" (and spite, too, we presume, of the incontestable elevation of the goddess herself, and of the rites by which she was worshipped), the festivals of the *Entre Supreme*, and the dreams of the St. Simoniens—all came to the same humiliating end—nobody would believe them. Since force is unavailable, and new philosophies and religions have always broken down, some *tertium quid* must be found. It is quite clear that if the regenerators of the world wish to succeed, they must set up under some old-established name; and they think they find this requisite in Protestantism. M. Sue's notion of Protestantism will astound such of our friends at Exeter Hall as may be inclined to sympathize with all or any opponents of the Papacy. It is—

'a sort of transition religion—a bridge, if I may so speak, by which one will assuredly reach pure Rationalism, yielding all the while to that fatal need of a worship from which the mass of the population are at present unable to wean themselves—a boundless field, freely open to all the hypotheses, all the affir-

mations and negations which the reason of man may devise in respect to modern religious ideas, and offering a lay worship, a rite, a creed, churches and clergy, to those who for some time yet will not be able to give up these superfluities which now-a-days cannot be improvised."

Therefore he is very indignant with those among his own friends who insult the Protestant religion. They are in reality quarrelling with the institution which is to serve as a bridge to bring deserters from the other camp. Still more angry is he with what he terms the inopportune bigotry of the Anglican clergy, who are widening the breach between themselves and pure philosophy by forbidding music on Sundays in the park, by multiplying public fasts, *et autres jougleries parfaitement dignes de l'Eglise Romaine*. But in spite of these little delinquencies, he cherishes the hope that the Protestants will consult their true interests by resuming their old ground of pure and simple opposition, and making common cause with the infidels against Rome.

The special form of Protestantism to which he and M. Quinet look to act as go-between to the old religion and the new philosophy, and by which they hope to shake the attachment of the masses to a creed, while they give them the empty husk of a ritual, is Unitarianism. He observes that that persuasion is marvellously adapted to the transition work to which he intends to put it. "They utterly deny the divinity of Christ, the revelation of Scripture, miracles, and other idolatries, and therein they use their right of investigation and interpretation, and *do not leave the Protestant Communion*, which admits equally, spite of their enormous differences, Calvinists, Anglicans, Quakers, Anabaptists, and other innumerable sects." True, he does not believe in this or any other form of Protestantism—he believes it, as he says no more than he does Paganism, or Buddhism, or Catholicism, "or any other human invention, devised by a priestly caste, for the one only end of procuring for themselves more or less power, consideration, or gain." But still, though he believes it to be a falsehood, he is perfectly willing to propagate it; and his great scheme for the overthrow of Christianity is a formal organization for the spread of Unitarianism. He proposes that the friends of pure philosophy should

give it up for a time, as there is not a chance of inducing the masses to accept it, and should form themselves into an *Association pour le propagande de l'Unitarianisme*. His idea, in short, is that the gentlemen who believe in nothing should combine for the propagation of the faith of those who believe in something, in order that they may undermine the faith of those who believe in something more. By dressing himself in the skin of a Unitarian, he seems to imagine that he will not only give the tolerant despotsisms a great deal of trouble, but that he will also be able to appropriate all the material means and appliances of proselytism belonging to all sorts of Protestants everywhere, for the purpose of propagating his infidelity. Among the recitals of the formal profession of faith which is to be made by the new association is the following sanguine view, which will be felt as a compliment by such members of the Evangelical Alliance as may plume themselves on their orthodoxy :

" Considering that Protestantism—of which Unitarianism is one of the sects—has at its disposal numerous instruments of action and proselytism, excellent public schools, able to face and conquer the competition of the Catholic schools, thanks to the bond of powerful sympathy (*puissante solidarité*) which unites Protestants to each other."

That these revolutionists are perfectly unscrupulous as to the means by which their end is to be attained, is no new information. But *brochures* of this character are useful in bringing before Englishmen in rather a fairer light the nature of the battle which the Church of Rome is fighting on the Continent. Here, in England, we know the Church of Rome, politically speaking, at her worst. We know her as waging an internecine war against a form of Christianity which includes every point of faith that was thought essential for some centuries after Christianity came into existence. We know her to have been till lately, the soul of the chronic disturbances which stifled the prosperity and rent the social framework of Ireland; and we know her as being still the informing spirit of a cabal of bores, whose well-trained factiousness brings our legislature to a dead lock. Consequently, it is our habit to think of her as being very little of a friend either to Christian-

ity or to wholesome Government. But on the Continent matters are in a very different position. Her struggle there is for no personal supremacy or trifling iota of doctrine—it is for the very foundation of all religion. The enemies she opposes with such tenacity and warmth are no oppressed religionists—no Protestants driven a little too far by tyranny or indignation against error. They are formal, avowed, embittered foes to every existing or possible species of religion; and in their warfare they outdo the Jesuits themselves in the duplicity to which they are willing to stoop. It is clear that such considerations ought to modify very much the construction we are wont to put on the rigor, or even violence, with which the Church of Rome carries on her resistance. Perhaps, also, it might lessen the *empressement* with which certain liberal and anti-Papal refugees are received in religious circles in England. The writers before us freely speak of all religions as dangerous, and profess to believe in Protestantism as little as they do in Buddhism; and yet they are intimately bound up in thought and in action with those worthy Italians whose Protestant Professorship is calendared at Exeter Hall. There is a mania in England for each successive kind of foreign refugees as there is for each successive folly in dress. Poles and Hungarians, Spaniards and Italians, come in and go out like small bonnets and big petticoats. Some time ago the Polish Count reigned Supreme. Many was the sober English family into which he gained a compassionate admittance, and was allowed to make love, *ad libitum*, at least to the kitchen-maid, if not to the daughter of the house—till at last it would be discovered that his five-pound notes were not always convertible, and that during his residence there was apt to be an epidemic among the spoons. Of late years martyrs to the Protestant faith have been the rage. We cannot but hope that a more extended acquaintance with the writings of Continental Liberals may cause this, too, to disappear, and may convince the excellent patronesses of Exeter Hall that the Pope has other opponents besides Luthers and Savonarolas, and that every unfrocked priest is not necessarily a saint.

From The Literary Gazette.

Inscription of Tiglath Pileser I., King of Assyria, B. C. 1150, as Translated by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Fox Talbot, Esq., Dr. Hincks, and Dr. Oppert. Published by the Royal Asiatic Society. J. W. Parker and Son.

SINCE the time when Young and Champollion first deciphered the Egyptian hieroglyphics, no philological question has excited greater interest than the interpretation of the cuneiform writing of the East. A remarkable demonstration of this successful achievement has now been published to the world. Those who have attended to the recent progress of Assyrian exploration are aware that many valuable monumental records have been obtained, and that translations of the inscriptions have been made by Oriental scholars. The lectures of Sir Henry Rawlinson at the British Association, before the University of Oxford, and on other occasions, have awakened a wider curiosity, and diffused much popular information on this subject. There still lingered, however, among the learned, a certain amount of scepticism as to the certainty of the system of interpretation. For example, each cuneiform group represents a syllable, but not always the same syllable, sometimes one, and sometimes another. Hence, it has been said the door is open to all manner of uncertainty, and the ancient Assyrians themselves never could have agreed as to the meaning of a kind of writing liable to many fallacies and varieties of interpretation. Experience shows that the uncertainty is less than might be anticipated. Many of the cuneiform groups have only one value, and others have always the same value in the same word or phrase, so that the remaining difficulties are greatly lessened in number. But the objections of sceptics are conclusively silenced by the literary *experimentum crucis*, the result of which we have before us.

The cylinder of Tiglath Pileser, as our readers probably know, is one of the most remarkable of these remains of Assyrian antiquity. The story of its discovery has been widely told by Sir Henry Rawlinson, and a new interest is now added to this valuable treasure of our great national museum. When the announcement was made that Sir Henry Rawlinson intended to publish translations of the inscriptions, of portions of which lithographs had already been made, it occurred to Mr. Fox Talbot that if several

versions were independently made, and subsequently compared, the truth of the system of interpretation would be thoroughly tested. If other scholars waited till Sir Henry Rawlinson's version appeared, and then said they concurred with it, there would not be the fair amount of cumulative evidence, but those who before doubted would attribute the concurrence partly to the great and deserved influence of Sir Henry Rawlinson's authority. Acting on this idea, Mr. Talbot made a translation of such portions of the lithograph inscriptions as had been forwarded to him, the whole being transcribed into Roman characters, with a literal version opposite each line. Mr. Talbot's proposal was sent to the Royal Asiatic Society last March, along with his translation in a sealed packet, which he requested might not be opened until after the publication of the volume of lithographs of the British Museum. Upon the receipt of this communication, it was resolved by the Council of the Society to carry into effect Mr. Talbot's suggestions. A request was made to Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, and Dr. Oppert, then in London, to favor the Society with translations of the same inscription, to be sent in like manner, under a sealed cover, with a view to their being simultaneously opened and compared by a Committee formed for the purpose of their examination. These gentlemen having assented to the proposal, the Council of the Asiatic Society appointed the following to examine and report on the translations—Dr. Milman, Dr. Whewell, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Grote, the Rev. W. Cureton, and Professor H. H. Wilson. Sir Henry Rawlinson favored this Committee with a translation of the whole inscription previously sent by Mr. Talbot. Dr. Hincks and Dr. Oppert sent portions only of the whole record, but fully enough for the objects of comparison. Dr. Oppert's version was made not from the lithograph, but from a copy of the cylinder already in his possession. He gave his translation in English, instead of in French, which would have been more literal. However, the result was most satisfactory. On the sealed packets being opened, the coincidence in the translations was striking, both as to the general sense, and verbal rendering. The three English versions having been read passage by passage this resemblance was throughout apparent;

"By all the translators the inscriptions

were understood to relate to King Tiglath Pileser, to his campaigns, building and consecration of temples, and other royal acts; campaigns against nations bearing names mostly analogous to those known from the sacred writings, and from other ancient authorities; temples to deities with appellations bearing the same resemblance to those found in other quarters. There was a constant recurrence of these words, names, and titles, yet a sufficient variety of words to test, to a certain degree, the extent of the knowledge claimed by the translators of the sound of the words, and of the language to which the words are supposed to belong."

This report was signed by Dean Milman and Mr. Grote. Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson gave a more detailed analysis of his examination of the versions, his general conclusion being that the "resemblance (very often exactly the same, word for word) is so great as to render it unreasonable to suppose the interpretation could be arbitrary or based on uncertain grounds," and that "the similarity is quite equal to what it would be in the translation of an ordinary historical inscription written in Egyptian hieroglyphics made by the same number of persons, who, as in this case, gave it quite independently of, and without any communication with, each other." The justice of these remarks will be admitted on the inspection of a specimen portion of the record in the four separate versions:

“RAWLINSON.

“At this time the temple of Anu and Vul, the great gods, my lords, which, in former times, Shansi-Vul, high-priest of Ashur, son of Ismi Dagan, high-priest of Ashur, had founded, having lasted for 641 years, it fell into ruin. Ashur-dapur-II, king of Assyria, son of Barzan-pala-kura, king of Assyria, took down this temple, and did not rebuild it. For sixty years the foundations of it were not laid.

“TALBOT.

“The temple of Anu and Yem, the great gods, my lords, which in former days Shensi-Yem, supreme lord of Assyria, son of Ishmi-Dagon, supreme lord of Assyria likewise, 641 years ago had constructed, that temple had fallen to decay. And Ashurdabal, king of Assyria, son of Ninev-balushat, king of Assyria likewise, destroyed that temple and rebuilt it not. During sixty years its foundations were not

“HINCKS.

“At that time the house of Anu and Iv, the great gods, my lords, which in former days Samsi-Iv, champion of Assur, son of Ismi Dagan, champion of Assur, and so forth, built; for 641 years it went on decaying. Assur-dayan, king of Assyria, son of Ninip-paliceri, king of Assyria, and so forth, threw down that house and did not rebuild it. For a period of sixty years its foundations were not laid.

“OPPERT.

“Then the house of Anu and Ao, the great gods, my lords, formerly Shamshi-Ao, sovereign of Assyria, son of Ismi-Dagan, sovereign of Assyria, built it; 641 years elapsed in the cycles of time, then Assur-dayan, king of Assyria, son of Ninip-pallu-kin, destroyed this same temple: he did not fear to deface the names (?) but its foundations were not attacked.”

We might select many passages singularly coincident even in verbal details, but the specimen above quoted must remove every doubt as to the right interpretation of these most ancient of records being discovered. The differences in particular passages, and the blanks and queries at places of unusual difficulty, confirm our confidence in the general truth of the system. So great an amount of agreement demonstrates that the translation was made on a sound principle and not on a vague hypothesis, while the variations indicate the independent judgment of each translator.

THE last *Proceedings of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society* contains certain communications worth making known to other than professional readers: In one, Dr. H. Bence Jones gives an account of a lady, who, while walking across her bedroom, felt a sudden pain in her great toe, which was supposed to be caused by the penetration of a broken needle. The pain was great, but nothing could be seen, and an attempt at discovery was made. A small piece broken from a fine sewing-needle, magnetised was attached to the end of a filament of cocoon silk, and with this the toe was explored. The signs of a needle buried in the

flesh were, however, not very positive, and recourse was had to a bar horse-shoe magnet for the purpose of inducing magnetism in the piece within the toe. Now, the indications of the feeler, as it may be called, shewed plainly that such a piece was buried, its position, and gave also notion of its length. Once informed on these points, the operator had no difficulty in extracting the hurtful fragment of steel. By exploration, a needle might be discovered in any other part of the limb or body; but great care and knowledge of magnetic phenomena are essential to success.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From The Tribune.

THE SUMMER SQUALL.

GOODNESS gracious ! what's the matter ?
 What a clamor, what a clatter !
 Gracious goodness ! was there ever
 Such a terrible—I never !
 Run and shut the chamber windows !
 Jenny, keep the children in-doors !
 The clothes upon the line go dancing—
 Where's the basket ? Bring the pans in !
 O, dear ! for now the rain is coming ;
 I hear the chimney swallows drumming,
 With a mighty fuss and flutter,
 While the chimneys moan and mutter ;
 And see ! the crumbled soot is flying
 All over the pork that Jane was frying.
 What a clamor, what a clatter !
 And now the rain begins to patter ;
 The geese they cackle, cow-bells rattle,
 The pealed and affrighted cattle
 Across the pastures, helter-skelter,
 Run to the nearest trees for shelter.
 The old hen calls her skulking chickens,
 The fowls fly home—the darkness thickens ;
 The roadside maples twist and swing,
 The barn-door flaps a broken wing ;
 The old well-pail sets out to travel,
 And drags the chain across the gravel ;
 In vain the farmer's wife is trying
 To catch the clothes as they are flying ;
 Nine new tin pans are bruised and battered,
 And all about the door-yard scattered ;
 And thicker, thicker, faster, faster,
 Come tumult, tempest and disaster.

The wind has blown the haycocks over,
 The rain has spoiled the unraked clover ;
 With half a load the horses hurry,
 And one-half—flung on in the flurry,
 Invisible pitchforks tearing, tossing—
 Was blown into the creek in crossing ;
 And thicker, thicker, faster, faster,
 Come whirlwind, tempest and disaster.

Now, all without the storm is roaring,
 The house is shut, the rain is pouring ;
 Incessantly its fury lashes
 The roof, the clapboards and the sashes ;
 The fowls have gone to roost at noon,
 We'll have the candles lighted soon.
 In flies the door—the farmer enters—
 Dripping and drenched from his adventures ;
 Finds Jenny sighing, baby crying,
 The frightened children hushed, and lying
 Huddled upon the bed together ;
 Mother storming, like the weather ;
 With pans, and chairs, and baskets, which in
 Wet confusion crowd the kitchen.

But Hugh is not the man to grieve ;
 He squeezes water from his sleeve,
 Calls it quite a perspiration,
 And laughs at Margaret's vexation ;
 Plucks off his hat, and slaps his trowsers,
 And blesses the man invented houses.

Old Farmer Hugh ! the whole world through,
 I find no nobler soul than you !
 A heart to welcome every comer,
 Alike the Winter and the Summer,
 Proving the manager and master
 Of cloud and sunshine, and disaster.
 When fortune, with her fickle chances,
 Now smiles, now frowns, entreats, advances,
 To make poor mortals mourn the loss of her,
 You, trustful heart and true philosopher,
 Securely centered in your station,
 Yourself the pivot of gyration,
 Look forth serenely patient, seeing
 All things come round to your true being.

O thus, like you, when sudden squalls
 Of angry fortune strike my walls,
 When rain and tempest join in force,
 Destroy my crops, unhinge my doors,
 Spoil expectation's unraked clover,
 And blow my hopes like haycocks over,
 When storm and darkness, wild, uncertain,
 Deluge my sky with their black curtain—
 O then, like you, brave Farmer Hugh !
 May I, with vision clear and true,
 Behold, beyond each transient sorrow,
 The glory and gladness of to-morrow.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

MY SISTER.

Up many flights of crazy stairs,
 Where oft one's head knocks unawares ;
 With a rickety table, and without chairs,
 And only a stool to kneel to prayers,
 Dwells my sister.

There is no carpet upon the floor,
 The wind whistles in through the cracks of the
 door ;
 One might reckon her miseries by the score,
 But who feels interest in one so poor ?
 Yet she is my sister.

She was blooming, and fresh, and young, and
 fair,
 With bright blue eyes, and auburn hair ;
 But the rose is eaten with canker care,
 And her visage is mark'd with a grim despair.
 Such is my sister !

When at early morning, to rest her head,
 She throws herself on her weary bed,
 Longing to sleep the sleep of the dead,
 Yet fearing, from all she has heard and read ;
 Pity my sister.

But the bright sun shines on her and on me,
 And on mine and hers, and on thine and thee,
 Whatever our lot in life may be,
 Whether of high or low degree,

Still, she's our sister,
 Weep for our sister,
 Pray for our sister,
 Succour our sister.

—Household Words.

From The Saturday Review.

MORAL CULTURE OF ANTIQUITY.*

WE some time since called attention to the remarkable work before us. Let us frankly state, at the outset of the present more extended notice, that we shall not attempt to review it. A meagre analysis of its contents would be useless—a full and complete analysis would be impossible within our limits. The general nature of those contents may be easily inferred from the title. The author takes a survey of the philosophy, moral and social, of classical antiquity, from Pythagoras to Proclus, and thence draws his conclusions as to the nature and extent of the progress achieved by humanity at different stages of civilization. In every case he is careful to go for his information to the fountain-head. He is not, as old Wotton quaintly says, a mere "gatherer of other men's stuff;" and among the claims which secured to him the honorable suffrages of the Academy (for, as the reader has already been told, this work was, in substance, a *Mémoire Couronné*), we can easily believe that his independent spirit of research held a chief place. As one of the most conspicuous merits of the book, we may mention the author's general picture of the moral, social, and religious condition of the world at the advent, and throughout the progress of the Roman Empire. On the other hand, the too apologetic tone in which he speaks of the Sophists, the too political character he assigns to the teachings of Socrates, and the somewhat visionary schemes in the same direction which he fathers upon Aristotle, are blemishes on which we might be disposed to animadvert severely if the author had not gone far to redeem them by some brilliant inconsistencies.

We content ourselves with this cursory notice of sundry details in the execution, because we wish to address ourselves to the kernel of the work, and to the spirit in which it is written. As the author gives us to understand that this book is but the prelude to deeper, if not more voluminous disquisitions, in which his general principles will be more prominently developed, it may be well to examine somewhat narrowly the foundations on which he builds. The reader will thus be better qualified to appreciate both the merits

and defects of these volumes in detail, and to accompany the author in such lines of inquiry as he may open out in subsequent publications.

That he has had present to his mind, and uppermost in his thoughts, a certain leading idea, around which he might group all the facts amassed in the course of his inquiries, and to which all those facts were in his estimation subordinate, we infer from sundry expressions in his preface. He there records his adhesion to the "doctrine of the eighteenth century," that the moral truths essential to the life of humanity are the peculiar appanage of no people, country, or individual. He states, as the result of his investigations in the original texts of classical antiquity, that the ancients, in heart and conscience, were fashioned like ourselves—that in the moral, as in the physical world, the order of progress is never disturbed by sudden starts and bounds—that everything is reducible to transformation and development in an ascending series, of which it is "impossible to foretell the extreme limit." He adds, with somewhat childish petulance, that he is aware he may have given a shock to certain susceptibilities and prejudices, but that it is no fault of his if a class of ideas and sentiments, the possession of which is not ordinarily conceded to the heathen world—M. Denis forgets how limited is the number to whom the concession can be made—had the impertinence to show themselves some centuries too soon for the peace of mind of jealous system-makers. After a short digression, he recurs to this subject in more definite terms, and apologizes for not having stated more explicitly his views on the influence of ancient philosophy on the rise and progress of Christian ethics. "On s'apercevra facilement qu'elle a été toujours présence à mon esprit." The reasons he gives for this *réticence*, so far as we can understand them, are more creditable to his prudence than to his manliness of character. He alludes somewhat mysteriously—and we trust we have not interpreted the enigma to his hurt—to his not being in a sufficiently independent position to speak out on the topic of the connexion of heathen with Christian ethics, and expresses a hope that he may one day be able to reconcile freedom of speech with personal considerations.

From the hints thus dropped by our au-

* *Histoire des Théories et des idées Morales dans l'Antiquité*. Par J. Denis, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut. 2 vols. Paris: Durand.

thor we have no difficulty in conjecturing what are the perplexities by which he is haunted, and the problems with which he desires to grapple. When looked at in their most general aspect, they may be said to involve the relation of all uncovenanted to covenanted dispensations—of the Gentile to the Jewish and Christian worlds. And while this relation is in itself a matter of incalculable interest, scarcely less interesting is the consideration of the various uses to which it has been applied by Christian apologists on the one hand, and the assailants of Christianity on the other. It was only what we might *a priori* have expected, that in the early dawn of the Christian dispensation, while error and superstition still lay skulking in the fastnesses of heathendom, the ears of the primitive Fathers would be keenly and morbidly open to the faintest whisper of a consonance between the tenets of the ancient philosophy and the doctrines of the new religion. And these expectations are not deceived as we turn over the pages of the apologists of Christianity. “Not that Plato teaches one thing and Christ another”—such, in express terms, is the language of Justin Martyr.

The older Platonists needed only to have changed a few words and phrases to have gained admission within the pale of Christianity”—such is the no less explicit language of Saint Augustine. In keeping with such phrases is the familiar designation of Plato as “an atticing Moses,” and of Socrates as “a type of Christ.” The position thus taken up by the early Fathers was in itself indefensible, but considering the exigencies of their situation, it was both natural and intelligible. In their anxiety to prevail on the heathen world to enter the Christian temple, they strove to convince it that it was already loitering in the porch. Having themselves, in many cases, been largely imbued, before their conversion, with the tenets of ancient philosophy, they were sedulous in separating the gold from the dross—putting the one in vessels to be kept, and casting the other away. If the great Apostle of the Gentiles himself had not hesitated to take occasion from the worship of the unknown and false God, to disseminate the worship of the known and the true, how could they bring themselves to look upon that as a withered tree upon which St. Paul had grafted the Christian vine? It may be doubted whether the

course of argument pursued with such unguarded zeal by the early apologists of Christianity was not prompted by an imperfect apprehension of the general economy of truth, and of the real points at issue. Certain it is that this tendency to Christianize heathendom was soon followed by a tendency to heathenize Christianity. The guesses at truth, it was contended, in which Plato and his compeers had indulged, had so often hit the mark that it was needless to guess again. The ample wisdom, lofty aspirations, and piercing gaze of heathen sages had left little or nothing for Revelation to reveal. The flimsy sophistries of Celsus, the cold sarcasm of Gibbon, the clumsy pedantry of Pfanner and Huet, the speculative inquiries of Herbert of Cherbury, and the overt scurrility of the English Deist when he styled his work *Christianity as old as the Creation*—all these indicate different phases of a tendency, either latent or avowed, to rob Christianity of all significance by the shallow misuse of some showy maxims in the pages of heathen writers. We fear that our author has found it necessary to place a strong check upon his pen, in order to suppress the manifestation of leanings in a similar direction.

This misconception of religions anterior to Christ, as a substitute for Christianity—this legalizing of a false coin which was indebted for its currency to the existence of the true—brought on a reaction, less dangerous, perhaps, in its results to the faith of the ignorant and unwary, but far more childish and narrow in the motives from which it sprung. We allude to that petty carping jealousy with which the noblest deeds that were wrought, and the fairest sayings that were uttered, *ante Christum*, are wilfully tinged with a character *anti-Christian*. Some popular preachers love to paint in unredeemed blackness the worthiest adumbrations of Christian truth achieved by the wisest heathen sages; and in those intellectual luminarys, such as a Plato and a Cicero, who lighted the path by which St. Augustine (*habemus confitentem*) reached the Cross, they refuse to recognize any glimmering of a Divine light. Nothing can at bottom be more unchristian than this practice of scouting as unclean all the religious longings and ethical teachings of classical antiquity. That it betrays the greatest ignorance, no reader of the *Histoire* before us can doubt. But it is not

merely on the question of fact that we dissent from the fluent declaimers against heathen antiquity. We hold their position to be vicious in principle, and, we repeat it, thoroughly unchristian in tendency—just as if the desire which Christianity came to satisfy had not been the “desire of all nations”—just as if the yearnings it came to fulfil had not been fermenting in the mind of Gentile as well as of Jew through many a century of anxious expectation.

We think it may be shown that some middle position is tenable between the too easy credulity of the Fathers (so fatally perverted by the assailants of Christianity) and the peevish malignity of later days; for, as regards the former, much of the credit too hastily conceded to the heathen world for its defective morality arises from an error in perspective—a kind of optical illusion of the mental vision. To us, who have ever been familiar with notions for which we are indebted exclusively to revelation, is given that knowledge of the complete economy of truth which was vainly sought after by the philosophers of heathendom. The incoherent apophthegms, however excellent in themselves, which lie scattered up and down the pages of the Greek and Latin classics, were destitute of that organic connection which alone could have raised them to the force of a moral law, binding on all mankind. Even Justin Martyr complains that the teaching of Plato “is not all of a piece;” and Lactantius has shown, with singular force and discrimination, how the want of that mutual dependence and consistency so essential to the idea of a complete scheme, rendered barren, for all practical purposes of social reformation, the loftiest efforts of the best and wisest heathen, and separated by an impassable gulf the teaching of philosophy from the teaching of Christianity. To use a simile which has passed into general circulation from the pages of Clement, the heathen philosophers were as they who tore in pieces the body of Pentheus—each got a limb, a fragment of the truth, but the entire body was the portion of none. With all the art which M. Denis has very properly displayed in grouping together the truths set forth by particular schools and teachers, so as to form a system “all square,” and perfect in all its parts, we cannot but feel that we have before us a heap of broken mirrors which give but

fragmentary glimpses of truth and beauty. Nor is this all. While the several parts of morality were thus wanting in that union which alone could give them force and significance, they were equally wanting in cohesion with religion. As a striking instance of this, our readers may remember that the avowed object of a Platonic dialogue is to exhibit the discordance between the principles of a sound morality and the tenets of the national faith. On the other hand, one of the strongest testimonies to the divine origin of both the covenanted dispensations consists in the fact that in the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel, the priest and the philosopher have met together—religion and morality have kissed each other. Such are some of the reasons which, if we care to preserve unimpaired the essential idea of a Revelation, should make us hesitate ere we fall into a strain of unreasonable exultation at meeting with Christian precepts in the pages of heathen writers. But while we thus refuse to let go the fact that the Jewish dispensation is the only *positive* *ταύτηγίν εἰς Χριστόν*, let us fully concede that the moral teachings of the uncovenanted dispensations anterior to Christ were a *negative* preparation for the same end. It is but a sorry compliment to the Bible to betray such timorous apprehensions lest its precepts should meet with corroboration from the morality of uninspired teaching. By denying and decrying the propaedeutic agency of the moral culture of antiquity, we ignore the evidence of history, and render a very equivocal service to Christianity. No one can contemplate the graphic picture given in the volumes before us, of the moral, social, and religious condition of the Greco-Roman world immediately anterior to the advent of Christianity, without seeing how that world had ended by condemning itself—how universal doubt had taken possession of the minds of men—how providentially, in short, the world had been trained to hail in the promises of the Gospel a sure refuge from despair. The very existence and currency of two such languages as Greek and Latin, endowed with vocabularies amply adapted to the expression of the loftiest aspirations and the closest reasoning on the most momentous subjects, were of themselves most powerful agents in the diffusion of Christianity to the ends of the world. And how, we ask, had these languages been thus lavishly fed, save from the stores of

heathen philosophy, eloquence, and verse? Surely, it is nothing short of fatuity to suppose that we can enhance the qualities of the *seed* by idle invectives against the quality of the *soil*.

It has been our object in the above remarks to indicate the general conditions of thought under which the reader should approach the perusal of these volumes. When the *Memor* was submitted to the Academy, the long *Rapport* of which it was the object was drawn up by a Jew—a circumstance somewhat to be regretted, if it contributed to the entire suppression of all that class of reflections which we have now submitted to the reader. Moreover, both the work itself and the remarks which it has here suggested bear a secondary import, on which it may not be amiss to say a few words. If the upholders of classical studies are desirous of making good their case by some more cogent argument than mere conformity to custom, they will do well to consider whether the (negatively) propædeutic character of heathen life and literature, which has here been insisted on, may not stand them in good stead. Irrespectively of the more practical and obvious advantages of classical studies as a training

for the faculties of the boy, we hold it to be a grave error not to give a prominent place to the great moral gain which those studies may be made to yield, from their relation to the inner life of the Christian man. Olympus rests on the same earth, and points to the same heaven, as Calvary and Sinai. The heathen Eros and the Christian Psyche have long since made their peace—why revive their bickerings, and drive them again to live in unhallowed estrangement? One of the most attractive features of the volumes before us is, that they bring home to every impartial mind a strong and lively conviction of the closeness and reality of that connection which links the heathen to the Christian world. We rise from their perusal with a deeper and larger sense of the inestimable benefits which Christianity has conferred, and with the firm persuasion that it is no blind chance which has assigned to the authors of classical antiquity a foremost place among the educational instruments of Christian civilization; and on these grounds we feel amply justified in affirming that M. Denis has not only deserved well of the republic of letters, but has furnished a valuable contribution to the institutes and evidences of Christianity.

DR. PIDDUCK, in a communication *On Dietetic Medicine*, shews that the vital principle, if proper means are supplied, is safer to rely on than mechanical appliances. The weakly and undersized growth of many who live in large towns, arises from improper diet. Other things being equal, a growing child fed on brown bread will have larger and stronger bones than one fed on white bread. The insufficiency of white bread, moreover, becomes prejudicial when alum is an ingredient. Here we let the doctor speak for himself:

"Acting upon the design," he says, "of supplying the vital principle with the materials to *strengthen*, and, as a consequence, to *straighten* the bones, I procured a large quantity of ivory turnings, and had them deprived of gelatine by long boiling, and dried, that the bone-earth phosphate set at liberty might be more easily acted upon and readily dissolved by the acid in the stomach. To this bone-earth phosphate was added a fourth part of the saccharine carbonate of iron, and flour, butter, ginger, and treacle in proper proportions to form gingerbread-nuts; each nut, containing twenty grains of the bone-earth phosphate, and five grains of the saccharine carbonate of iron, was a dose, of which one was given twice a day."

The doctor administered these nuts to girls afflicted with curvature of the spine in a "school

for servants," and with the happiest effects, and has treated a sufficient number of cases satisfactorily "by this alimentary method, to justify the conclusion, that the vital principle, duly supplied with the proper materials, is able to cure all cases of laterad, sternad, and dorsad curvature in growing children—not arising from caries of the vertebrae—without mechanical appliances; and that those appliances are a hindrance rather than a help, by diminishing muscular exertion, and, as a consequence, weakening muscular power."

The doctor brings forward the case of a young lady of sixteen, who, after three months' treatment, had almost lost her "spinal deviations," and pursues: "I am extremely desirous of directing the attention of orthopaedic surgeons to this mode of treatment, because into their hands the greater number of cases of spinal curvature fall; assured that if *medicinal* were entirely to supersede *mechanical* means, the result, in most cases, would be much more satisfactory. In cases of delayed dentition, the growth of the teeth is promoted, and they are speedily protraded through the gum, under a course of the bone-earth phosphate. It might very probably be administered with success in cases of false joint from un-united fracture of the long bones, and in cases of rickets."—*Chambers' Journal*

From The Spectator.

PRIME'S BOAT LIFE IN EGYPT AND NUBIA.*

A VOYAGE up the Nile to the second cataract, with Alexandria and Cairo as a preliminary whet, does not offer a repast of any striking novelty. Even if the traveller were an archaeologist, artist, or speculative historian, so many accomplished men in these walks have been over the field already, that little is left for new comers even in the way of gleaning. Perhaps a practical geologist and professor of the useful arts in connection with agriculture and mechanics might produce a new and valuable work on Egypt. Nor would a thoroughly good descriptive account of the country be without use; for, except where the single-channelled Nile compels an itinerary definiteness, the descriptions, especially of Alexandria, are very vague. Failing the guidebook or the practico-scientific investigation, Egypt and a voyage up the Nile must depend on the literary merit of the writer.

In Mr. Prime's case this is more considerable in its effects than in its real qualities. We do not know that he tells us anything really new, or that he describes anything which others have not seen and described already, beyond those accidents or incidents of travel which vary somewhat with each individual occurrence. But there is an interest about his book, in the absence of anything better, which arises in part from his plan and nationality, in part from the ability of the author. Although the narrative is continuous, telling things in the order of their happening, the author turns his chapters into papers with a distinct head indicative of the leading subject treated of; and though this is in a great degree only a literary artifice, it enables him to handle topics with greater expansiveness than a regular narrative would allow. The freshness of observation which an American brings to bear on the Old World is not so peculiar a thing as it was some twenty years ago, when travellers from the States were rare and young America had not begun to publish. Still the opinions of an able American have a value merely as an American's, especially on a country like Egypt, where everything, from the mysteri-

ous grandeur of the past to the tyranny and degradation of the present, is in such thorough contrast to the West. Mr. Prime, too, is less nationally obtrusive than many of his countrymen; and, either from education, experience, or travel, he has more toleration for foreign manners and opinions than is always found in the citizens of Columbia. His observation is quick; and the free-and-easy ways of his country seem, according to his account, to make friends more quickly than the insular reserve of the Englishman. This freedom shows itself in other and as we might think less creditable modes. Taking advantage of the wish of the Egyptian Government to stand well with all foreign nations Mr. Prime obtained through his Consul, or rather through the locum tenens of his Consul, ample recommendations to the Governor of Upper Egypt and Lower Nubia, and all whom it might concern, for necessary assistance. In this there was nothing extraordinary, but Mr. Prime strained the power his documents gave him not only to something like interference but even to patronage. At Alexandria, he began more than meditations among the tombs.

"After breaking into three in succession of the unopened niches, we at length struck on one which had evidently escaped Saracen invasion. It was in the lowest tier of three on the side of an arched chamber, protected by a heavy stone slab inlaid in cement. It required gunpowder to start it. The tomb was about two feet six inches wide by the same height, and extended seven feet into the rock. The others on all sides of the room were of the same dimensions. There were in all twenty-four.

"Upon opening this and entering it, we found a skeleton lying at full length, in remarkable preservation, evidently that of a man in the prime of life. At his head stood an alabaster vase, plainly but beautifully cut, in perfect preservation, and as pure and white as if carved but yesterday. The height of the vase is seventeen and a half inches, the greatest diameter nine and a half inches.

"It consisted of four different pieces—the pedestal, the main part of the vase, the cover, and the small knob or handle on the top, not broken but so cut originally.

"This vase Mr. Trumbull [his fellow traveller] subsequently shipped to America, where I am happy to say it arrived safely.

"Pursuing our success, we removed the bones of the dead man, reserving only a few to go with the vase, and then searched care-

* *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia.* By William C. Prime, Author of "Tent Life in the Holy Land," "The Old House by the River," &c. Published by Low and Co., London; Harper, New York.

fully the floor of the tomb, which was covered with fine dust and sand. Here we at length hit on the top of another vase; and after an hour of careful and diligent work, we took out from a deep sunk hole in the rock, scarcely larger than itself, an Etruscan vase, which on opening we found to contain burnt bones and ashes, as fresh in appearance as if but yesterday deposited.

"This vase or urn is fifteen inches high, and its largest diameter is eleven inches. It is of fine earthenware ornamented with flowers and devices.

"This vase was too fragile to attempt to send to America, and I left it with Mr. De Leon" [the Consul.]

As it is said that workmen were breaking up part of the necropolis to which this tomb belonged for the sake of building-materials, it is probable that they might have destroyed or removed the vase, &c., had not Mr. Prime forestalled them. Still it is clear, that if every private individual were to remove antiquities for his personal advantage whenever he caught an opportunity, ancient sites the property of the civilized world would become denuded. An exact judgment is not always easy in the case of public spoliation, but when a national agent removes an antique it is for the purpose of preservation and display. Monuments in Paris, London, Berlin, or any other capital, may want the fitness and the associations of their original position, but they certainly are seen by more people, and they are better preserved from accidents, decay, or ignorant destruction. Individual removals have none of these excuses; and though it is possible that had not Mr. Prime "burglariously broke ope" the tomb of this ancient "man in the prime of life," somebody else would, the effect upon the reader would have been better had the writer shown a clearer sense of what he was about.

In connexion with this topic, however, it may be observed, that wild as the Bedouin and degraded as the Fellah may be, they are both keen enough to cheat in an artistic way. A trade in antiques has grown up even in Luxor.

"O! confident Howajji, beware in Luxor of Ibrahim the Copt, and on the Western shore of Achmet-el-Kamouri the Mussulman. Skilful manufacturers of every form of antique are plenty in the neighborhood, and these men have them in their employ, and sell to unwary travellers the productions of the modern Arabs as veritable specimens of

the antique. Achmet is the chief manufacturer himself, and has a ready hand at the chisel.

"The manufacture of antiques is a large business in Egypt, and very profitable. Scarabaei are moulded from clay or cut from stone, with close imitation of the ancient, and sold readily at prices varying from one to five dollars. At Thebes is the head-quarters of this business. Still, no antiquarian will be deceived; and it requires very little practice to be able in an instant to determine whether an article is ancient or modern. When the Copt finds that you do know the distinction, he becomes communicative, and readily lets you into the secret of his business; and while he is confidentially informing you of the way in which the Arabs do it, and how this is modern and that is not, beware lest you become too trusting, and he sells you in selling a ring, or a vase or a seal. He is a wily fellow and sharp, and he knows well how to manage a Howajji."

Lear says—

"our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous."

The superfluity of the adult Egyptian reaches to what passes for a shirt.

"It is difficult to say what constitutes poverty in Egypt. We should say, were they in America, or in Europe, that the large mass of the inhabitants were in squallid, abject, hopeless poverty. But on examination they seem fat, and certainly far happier than the lower classes of any other nation I have seen, and this when (I speak literally now) the poverty of the most degraded beggarly outcast in New York would be positive wealth to them here. One solitary ragged shirt is the sole property, the entire furniture, estate, and expectancy, of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the inhabitants of Egypt in the cities of Alexandria and Cairo. A man and his wife, or his two or more wives, will possess a shirt to each, and a straw mat, old, worn, and muddy, and have no other possession on earth except naked children without a rag of clothing. * * *

"The miserable, abject, wretched appearance of nine-tenths of the population of Egypt, beggars description. Clothing they have almost none, and such as they have but adds to the misery of their looks.

"I saw a man bathing near the base of the hill. When he came from the water and took up his solitary garment to put it on, it was ludicrous to see his perplexity. Somewhere in it there was, or had been, a hole, intended to admit of the passage of his head, but he could not find it among the others. He tried it once, and it went through the

wrong place ; he tried it again, with no better success. I left him trying it, I doubt whether he ever succeeded."

Climate has much to do with our necessities. In the above passage Mr. Prime is speaking of the North of Egypt. As he advanced Southward and entered Nubia, he found life still more limited in means, object, hope, and value.

"One of the features of Nubia is the sakea, or water-wheel, for raising water from the river to irrigate the land. It is seen at every hundred rods, and heard all day and all night long breaking a most melancholy and mournful creak. The small amount of land which each sakea waters makes the contrast with Egypt more forcible in this respect, and shows the greater amount of labor required of the Nubian to produce the same result.

I know no part of the world in which life is so very small and worthless a matter as here, nor do the inhabitants themselves appear to set any high value on their own existence or that of each other. Life is but existence, nothing more. They rise from the ground on which they sleep, or the heap of doura stalks, or mat which keeps their naked bodies from it; and, eating a coarse lump of corn-meal, half baked, if they are so fortunate as to have it, but generally eating a dozen dried dates for breakfast, they go out to the bank of the river and work in the scanty soil, or watch the sakea, relieving their companions who have kept it going all night. And when the day is done and work is done, they sit in groups in the dark or in the moonlight, and talk at intervals, but mostly keep silence, passing around from lip to lip the small pipe of native tobacco; and one by one rolls himself up in his own nakedness, curling his knees up to his head, and sleeps profound and dreamless sleep till morning.

"Their huts are miserable substitutes for even the vile huts of the Egyptians. * *

"Without exception, so far as my observation went, the Nubian villages were built on

land where trees or plants would not grow. Soil is too valuable there to be wasted for building purposes. Hence the houses, which are of the rudest form and smallest possible dimensions, are usually built in a honeycomb mass at the foot of the mountain, and require a quick eye to detect them, their color being similar to the sand and the rock.

"One night I went into some of these huts at a late hour. No doors prevented intruders, nor was there any safeguard against robbers. The inhabitants lay on the ground, huddled together in masses, sound asleep like so many hogs, and grunted as hogs would when we stirred them up with our feet and voices. Life in such a country has no great amount of variety, as one might well imagine."

The traveller then tells in a page the life of an aged Nubian. It was monotonous enough, especially in the eyes of an American; but perhaps not much more monotonous than that of many a peasant in other parts of the world, though in richer countries his circumstances would be better.

The style of Mr. Prime has much of that animal animation, the result of energetic habits rather than of intellectual vigor, which characterizes his countrymen, though in his case practice has given him greater skill in the use of his pen than most of them possess. He is too imaginative, perhaps too flowery, and runs too much into personal reminiscences of old thoughts and feelings. *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia*, however, is an agreeable book, though it tells us little that we did not know before. The American habit of writing off whatever happens to any traveller in foreign parts, without considering whether the things he sees have any novelty, or he has any peculiar aptitude for observation, threatens to degenerate into a manufacture of books of travel, if it has not reached that stage already.

THE TOMB OF HIPPOCRATES.—According to an Athenian journal, this tomb has been recently discovered near the village of Arnaouli, not far from Pharsalia. An inscription leaves no doubt as to the identity of the original inhabitant of this sepulchral structure. In the interior were found a gold ring in the form of a serpent, the antique symbol of the curing art, a

small chain and band of the same metal. A bust in bronze was also discovered, which is presumed to be a likeness of Hippocrates. These objects, together with the inscribed stone, have been given, by the Turkish inhabitants of the district, to Hourni Pasha, the present Governor of Thessaly, who has forwarded them to Constantinople.—*Builder*.

From The Saturday Review.

THE LIFE OF WHEATON.*

A NEW edition of a well-known work, *Wheaton's Elements of International Law*, has recently been published in America, and there is prefixed to it a long biography of Wheaton by Mr. Lawrence, formerly *Chargé d'Affaires* in London. The biographer has a pardonable excess of admiration for the subject of his biography; but after every deduction is made, it cannot be doubted that Wheaton was a remarkable man. No American had ever about him less of the peculiar stamp which marks the citizen of a new State. He was a man of refinement and of great cultivation, and enjoyed public life in the calm and dignified way which is usual with the higher officials of the European nations. He labored, too, in a field where Americans have during the last half century gained considerable distinction. The geographical position of the United States, the form of their government, and the absence of all diplomatic traditions, have combined to originate in them many new and important questions of international law; and both by official and private writers, these questions have been treated, on the other side of the Atlantic, with force, sense, and acumen. Among these writers, Wheaton was one of the most eminent, and we therefore think him a man sufficiently noticeable to make it worth while to trace briefly the course of his not very eventful life.

Henry Wheaton was born at Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, in 1785; and having distinguished himself at school and college, he went, in 1805, to Europe, and studied the civil law at Poitiers. On returning to America in 1806, he commenced practice in his native State, but without much success, and his time was chiefly occupied with political and literary writing. In 1812, soon after the commencement of the war with England, he undertook the editorship of a new paper, the *National Advocate*. The peculiar character of the contest naturally led the way to the discussion of several points of international law, and the *Advocate* was frequently selected by the Government as a medium through which to acquaint the public with the views of the Ad-

ministration. The war was very unpopular in some of the States, and the Governors of those States refused to allow the militia to be called out. This conduct was denounced by Wheaton as an infringement of the rights of the Federal Government, and his opinion was subsequently confirmed by a decision of the Supreme Court. He also examined carefully and fully the claim of England to bind her subjects to a perpetual allegiance; and the circumstances of the war made this a very important question. The English, it was said, threatened to execute all persons of British origin, although naturalized citizens of the United States, who might be taken prisoners of war. But the point was settled by force rather than discussion, for the Americans threatened to execute double the number of British prisoners, and the menace proved effectual. In 1815, Wheaton left the *National Advocate* on being appointed one of the Justices of the Marine Court. In the following year, he began his task as reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court, and gradually collected together those volumes of Reports which bear his name, and have attained so high a reputation. He was also appointed, some years later, in conjunction with two other lawyers, a commissioner for revising the statute law of New York: and as he was a constant contributor to the *North American Review*, his time may be supposed to have been as fully as it was usefully occupied.

In 1827, he was removed to a sphere of more importance, and one exactly suited to display and develop the powers of his mind. He was appointed *Chargé d' Affaires* at Copenhagen, being the first regular diplomatic agent sent from the United States to Denmark. The special object of his mission was to obtain an indemnity for injuries alleged to have been inflicted on American commerce during the latter years of the European war. After the bombardment of Copenhagen, Denmark, acting under the instructions of Napoleon, had recourse, mainly through private armed vessels, to reprisals against British commerce. It was not easy for a third power to distinguish between American and English vessels, and the claim for indemnity arose from several American vessels having been seized and condemned. Most, if not all, of the captured vessels were, at the time of capture, under the convoy of

* *Wheaton's Elements of International Law*. By William Beach Lawrence. Sixth Edition. Boston: 1855.

an English fleet. And this raised the point, which was apparently new in international law, whether the mere fact of sailing under an enemy's convoy renders the vessels of a neutral liable to capture. How doubtful a point it is may be gathered from the fact that Wheaton, as a diplomatist negotiating with Denmark, insisted that no such liability existed, while, as a lawyer in the Supreme Court, he proclaimed the existence of the liability to be indispensable; and in either case his arguments seem excellent.

His negotiation was, however, successful, and the Danish Government agreed to compromise the matter by paying a gross sum to be distributed among the claimants by the American Government. This prosperous issue of the negotiation is principally remarkable because it seems to have been almost entirely owing to the personal qualities of the negotiator. The Danish Government was perhaps a little overawed, but certainly was much flattered in having to deal with a diplomatist who knew so much international law, and had so considerable a celebrity. It was exactly a case where the rough-and-ready sense of a man unaccustomed to, and unfit for, diplomacy, would have been at fault. When the matter to be discussed is very simple, or will admit of being referred to the Home Government, or can be settled by the mere bullying of a strong Power, then the unprofessional diplomatist can get on very well; and a country may lose nothing which, like America, sends as its representatives to foreign States the noisiest partisans of the ruling faction. But there are cases where the professional diplomatist—the man, that is, who has gone through a special education—can alone succeed; and the negotiation for the Danish indemnity appears to have belonged to this class.

Wheaton's success made so favorable an impression on the American Government that he was transferred in 1835, to Berlin, although it was regarded as a great act of courage in the President to overlook in his favor the claims of those who, in the language of Mr. Lawrence, "not supposing a knowledge of public law, or of the language and usage of diplomacy a necessary qualification on the part of persons entrusted with our international intercourse, claimed all the patronage at the command of the Executive." He was instructed to endeavor, by every means in

his power, to obtain from the German States, and especially from those united in the Zollverein, a reduction of the duties levied on American products. He attended several meetings of the Zollverein Congress, and at length, in 1843, it was arranged that a convention should be made for the reduction of the duties on American tobacco, with a corresponding reduction in the American tariff on German products and manufactures. The President, in his Message to Congress at the opening of the session of 1843-4, referred with great satisfaction to the negotiations with the Zollverein, and dwelt on the advantages which the United States would derive from their successful termination. The treaty embodying the proposed agreement was signed in March, 1844, and Wheaton received the congratulations of his friends. But 1844 was the year of a Presidential election, and the Zollverein treaty met the exact fate which we have lately seen befall the Dallas treaty. It was rejected by the Senate, for no real reason but that the friends of Mr. Clay thought that any success achieved by the existing Government might injure his chances of election. Mr. Lawrence tells us, in the early part of his biography, that "Mr. Wheaton's republican sentiments were unavoidably strengthened by his European residence." They must have been severely tested by finding that his labors had been wasted, and his long-desired treaty upset in order to give a slight electioneering advantage to Mr. Clay.

It is part of the diplomatic system of America to regard foreign missions as transient appointments, both with a view to discourage the growth of a diplomatic body, and also to preserve republican virtue uncorrupted, and republican traditions unimpaired by a long residence in European Courts. Wheaton had been permitted to remain much beyond the usual time, and it was generally considered that the exception was justified in his case by the advantages to be derived from having a man of his ability and eminence to act as a general adviser on European affairs to the Cabinet of Washington; But the Government of President Polk regarded the exception as dangerous. In 1846 he was informed that he must consider his diplomatic career at an end, and his removal was expressly attributed to his great experience and services. The Government feared

lest individual eminence and merit should be looked on as grounds for departing from a settled rule of policy. Mr. Lawrence naturally feels, and gives vent to, the indignation of a biographer; but a dispassionate critic cannot but admit that, if professional diplomacy is to be discouraged, no means could be much more effectual than that of disregarding past services, and withdrawing a representative because he has distinguished himself. After spending some time at Paris, Wheaton returned to America, and died there in the spring of 1848.

He was a man of very miscellaneous reading and very varied attainments. While at Copenhagen he devoted his attention to Scandinavian literature, and published a history of the Northmen, with sufficient success to elicit the praise of Humboldt. But it is only as a writer on International Law that his name is known. He had studied the subject thoroughly, and could state lucidly and concisely what he knew. It was the characteristic of his writings that they were eminently practical. He was not a great thinker, and never troubled himself with the more abstruse and speculative difficulties of his subject. Feeling that he must do something in the way of philosophical discussion, at the commencement of his most important

work he strings together the opinions of a great many previous writers, and leaves the reader to take his choice. But as a text-writer, as an expositor of the obvious arguments and received traditions on all the practical points of international law, he is admirable; and this gift of discussing a given point without too much or too little technicality, not only enabled him to write books of great and permanent value, but exactly fitted him to guide the opinion of his countrymen on topics of current interest relating to the sphere of politics with which he was concerned. He wrote a pamphlet or treatise on almost every question of the day which involved a point of international law. It may be remarked that he took we believe invariably, what may be called the American side, and found the most excellent reasons—as writers on international law are apt to do—why his country should do what promised to be most advantageous; and had done what was in itself abstractedly right. But we need not permit this to detract from our estimation of his merits. He was not a great man in any way; but he was a learned, clear-headed, and honorable man, and one who gave to Europe a very favorable specimen of an American gentleman.

Orestes and the Avengers: an Hellenic Mystery. By Goronva Camlan. (J. W. Parker & Son.)

FUTILE as the general run of classical resuscitations, in which aspiration works instead of inspiration, memory has to serve in the place of the creative imagination, and a tendency to dramatic contemplation is mistaken for representative power. As well attempt to re-write "Lear," "Hamlet," or "Macbeth." The minor poems show the author working in a narrower range with greater success. The following stanzas are characteristic in their dreamy sadness of movement and meaning, although "Hell" does not represent the Egyptian idea of hereafter even for those who are doomed not to eat of the fruit of life in the blessed regions. The widower is contemplating the fair form of his beautiful wife lying in pale death previous to embalment.

THE EGYPTIAN WIDOWER.

Leave her, oh leave her yet awhile,
Snatch not her beauty from my sight;
Leave her, though faded all her smile,
And perished from her eyes the light.
Not yet would I resign to Hell,
Nor to the chamber of the grave,

The fair one whom I loved so well,
Who to my life its glory gave.
Say not, she ne'er will greet me more,
Nor talk of death's untimely gloom;
I know her spirit walks the shore
Beyond the sea of grief and doom.
But on her form yet linger charms
Which all my spirit bowed of old;
Her dimpled face and rounded arms
Still keep their grace and power untold.
Give yet an interval, I pray,
While I may gaze upon her face;
Give grief and love their little day
To snatch from death its fading grace.
Not till the touch of dull Decay
Has changed her to some nameless thing,
Would I forego my fallen stay,
And feel of Death the utmost sting.
But when in ghastly image drest
She dwells with all our fathers gone,
Then be my helplessness confess,
And move in woe my footsteps lone;
Then, when the festal crown is wreathed,
Bring me her sad remembrance nigh,
'Mid mirth bid holier thoughts be breathed,
And for the smile awake the sigh.
—*Athenaeum.*

From The British Quarterly Review.

The Park Street Pulpit, containing Sermons Preached and Revised by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. 8vo. Vols 1., 11. Alabaster and Passmore.

MR. SPURGEON is a notability. He filled Exeter Hall with eager listeners for months together. He has since done the same in the great Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens, though spacious enough to receive 9000 persons. Hitherto the prophets have been in the wrong. The feeling does not subside. The crowds gather even more than before. The "common people" are there, as at the first; but with them there are now many who are of a much higher grade. Professional men, senatorial men, ministers of state, and peers of the realm, are among Mr. Spurgeon's auditory. These are facts that cannot be questioned. That there is something very extraordinary in them every one must feel. How is the matter to be explained?

Mr. Spurgeon's *origin* and ecclesiastical connection do not solve the mystery. There was nothing in that to favor a success of this nature. He is not only a dissenter coming up from among dissenters, but his sect is one of the straightest of them all. In his antecedents we find no traces of academic fame and promise, no high ecclesiastical patronage. The great ushers of successful conventionality among us made no way for him. He comes direct and openly from what John Foster called the "morass of Anabaptism." Nevertheless, there he is, a man—and a very young man, too, who has broken through, or overleaped, all impediment of that sort. In that fact there is not only something remarkable, but something pleasant and hopeful.

We must add, there is nothing in Mr. Spurgeon's *presence* to account for his success. When we picture to our mind the noble and venerable figure of Latimer, we cease to marvel that the quaintness and homeliness of the English and of the illustrations pervading his sermons should have fallen with great effect upon his hearers. That lofty form, that noble brow, those finely-chiselled features, and the play of intelligence and humor ever passing like cloud and sunshine over that countenance, are enough to account for a great deal. Whitfield, too, rose like Saul among his fellows, and seemed born to leadership. The same was true of Edward Irving. But Mr. Spurgeon has literally

rally nothing of this sort to help him. His figure is short, and chubby, and rather awkward than otherwise. For so young a man there seems to be a strong tendency in him to grow stout, and should he live another twenty or thirty years, he must take care, or he may be classed among the people who are sometimes described as being nearly as broad as they are long. He knows nothing of the aesthetics of dress; every thing of that sort about him is commonplace, verging upon the vulgar. His features, too, have a round homely Saxon cast, such as would lead you to regard him as capable of a rude strength of purpose, and of a dogged power of endurance, but as not likely to apprehend purposes of a high and really intellectual complexion. He is a veritable Saxon in the groundwork of his nature, both physical and mental, but he has nearly every thing from nature, scarcely any thing from the usual processes of self-culture.

We must not, therefore, look to *culture* as giving Mr. Spurgeon his power over men. In metaphysics, in theology, in all matters where a trained power of discrimination would become conspicuous, his mind is in a very crude condition. If you submit to his influence, accordingly, it is not because you are sensible to the discipline of his touch, for you feel that you could amend not a little that falls from him. You listen, but it is not because you are charmed by the accuracy of the statements that are made, nor because the illustrations brought to the subject are such as to indicate that the preacher is a man rich in general knowledge. No—the charm must be somewhere else. Mr. Spurgeon's head is but poorly disciplined, and his knowledge has no pretension to fulness.

After saying thus much, we shall perhaps be expected to say that there is nothing like original or profound *thought* in Mr. Spurgeon. He has no mission to lift the veil from undiscovered truth. He never gives forth conceptions that afford the slightest promise of such power. Of this fact every one must be aware.

If Mr. Spurgeon has power over cultivated minds—and he certainly has—it is not because he is himself a man of *taste*, in the conventional meaning of that term. In this respect, indeed, the preacher is said to be improved and improving. But the distance between his manner, and all our long-cher-

ished notions about clerical propriety, and the becoming in the pulpit, must be admitted to be very great. Certainly, if people of taste are found about him, it is not because he is always careful not to offend in that form. Latimer, indeed, dealt much in the homespun, both in language and in allusion. But the preacher in that case was known to be a scholar, abreast with all the learning and subtle speculation proper to his profession. Edward Irving, too, was a man of high general taste and knowledge, and supposed, on that ground, that he had a special mission to the educated, the literary, and the upper classes. But in the case of Mr. Spurgeon, the worship rendered him seems to bear a strong resemblance to that paid by the ancients to some of the rudest images of their gods—the sculpture was barbarous, all Greek taste might have been shocked by it, only it had its traditions, it was as old as the piety of simpler and better times, and it had some day fallen down from heaven.

Much has been said about Mr. Spurgeon's *voice*, as though the secret of his power lay in a great measure there. He can preach loud, and to say that, it is thought is to say a great deal. It is, in fact, to say nothing. The question is not about a man who has voice enough to make 10,000 people *hear*, but about a man who has attraction enough to bring 10,000 people *together to listen*. Does every man who can speak so as to make a large congregation hear, get a large congregation to hear him? But what we mean to say concerning Mr. Spurgeon's voice is, that while it is good in some respects, it is far from being the voice we should have expected in so successful a public speaker. It takes a clear, sound, bell-like ring along with it, but it has no rich tones either of loftiness or tenderness. In these respects, the voice of Whitfield must have been immeasurably superior. In point of compass and richness the voice of Mr. Spurgeon is not to be mentioned in comparison with that of Mr. James of Birmingham, or with that of Dr. Raffles; and to compare his power in this way with that of the late agitator, O'Connell, would indeed be to compare small things with great. The voice which fills the Music Hall at the Surrey Gardens so equally, is successful to that extent from its very defects. It is a comparatively level voice. Its great attributes are distinctness and force. Were it to

soar at times with the grand, and to descend at times with the pathetic, as the voice of an orator of the highest order would be sure to do, the hearing would not be so uniform as at present. In short, while Mr. Spurgeon has made the pulpit more attractive than any living man, he has so done by means of a voice which can scarcely be called oratorical.

The problem of Mr. Spurgeon's popularity, therefore, is still to be solved. Everything in his origin, and in his ecclesiastical connection, seemed to be opposed to it. His presence could do nothing in his favor—it was, in fact, against him. No one can attribute his success to his culture, or to any unusual grasp of thought, or more than very partially to his voice. What is it, then, that has given him this power?

The first secret of his success, we think, will be found in his *eloquence*. It is wanting in the qualities above-mentioned. But it is singularly natural. There is not a trace of *pulpitism* in it. The speaker might be a chartist leader, addressing a multitude on Kennington Common, so complete is the absence of everything from his tone and manner that might have reminded you of church or chapel. The style of the preacher is for the most part purely colloquial. It is one man talking to another. Even when his enunciations become the most impassioned they are still natural. Rare—very rare—is such an elocution among preachers. Once upon a time, an elderly Scotchwoman gave her grandson the newspaper to read, telling him to read it aloud. The only reading aloud the boy had been much in the way of hearing was at the parish kirk, and he began to read in the exact tone in which he had so often heard the minister read. The good lady was shocked at the boy's profanity, and giving him a box in the ear, exclaimed—"What! dost thou read the newspaper with the Bible *twang*?" O that Bible twang; surely the arch-enemy must have invented it as the thing wherewith to thin off the number of church-goers, or to send those to sleep who go. Would, however, that this mistake between *saying* a thing and *singing* it were unknown south of the Tweed. Nonconformists and Episcopalians among us are largely infected by it. The extemporaneous mode of preaching so general among Nonconformists, is much more favorable to a natural manner than the reading of sermons, so common among church-

men. Many Nonconformists, however, have much to unlearn in this respect, before they can hope to become agreeable public instructors; and with regard to many of our clergy, from the ever-recurring notes with which they begin and close their sentences, one is tempted to think they must have been influenced in this respect by their long familiarity with Latin hexameters. Certainly, we get the same key-note at the beginning of the sentence, the same monotonous level through the middle, be the middle long or short, and the never-failing dactyl and spondee at the end. Is it any marvel if what is so perfunctory and artificial in its tone, should be deemed perfunctory and artificial altogether? Mr. Spurgeon's complete exemption from mannerism of this sort has more to do than many people suspect with the success which has marked his career.

The *style* of the preacher is another element bearing a conspicuous relation to his success. His language is for the most part good idiomatic Saxon. He speaks to the people, not in the language of books, but in their own language. He gives them many a short treatise on divinity, but it is not a treatise for the press, it is simply so much *talk* about the matter. His diction, and his whole manner of setting forth thought, are more from the market-place than from the cloister. No man or woman can fail to understand him. It is one of themselves gifted enough to teach them. In this there is so much of nature, especially when compared with the dull platitudes and elaborate obscurities with which these good people have been long familiar elsewhere, that the pleasure they feel under this new dispensation of things is surely not difficult to comprehend.

Another, and a no less obvious source of the preacher's success lies in his *pictorialness*. Nearly all his lessons become pictures. Calvinist as he is, he is not much disposed to look on religion in its abstractions. He must see it as it is in the living men and women about him. As so seen, his descriptions of it become, in the manner of Hogarth, and often perhaps unconsciously to himself, a series of dramas. The pious mother and her sinning child; the distressed believer, and his great enemy laying snares for his soul, come before you as living realities. Or, it may be, that a principle is taken up, and then, to give it vividness, and to insure that it shall be

remembered, some historical analogy is introduced. "Some of you," says the preacher, "would like to have grace in reserve, to lay up, as people place money in the bank or the funds, to call out upon occasion. But God does not deal with you in that way. He knows you too well to do that. He knows how ready you are to forget him now, how much worse it would be then. He promises grace as you want it—according to your *need*. Be thankful for that. Seek grace as you want it, and use it as you have it, that is all God expects of you. Be like that patriotic Greek, who with his little band of followers had to check the great army of the Persians. He knew that to go down into the plain and to expose himself there to all his enemies at once would be speedy destruction. He therefore took his stand in the narrow mountain pass, and encountered his foes as they came up one by one. So be it with you. Keep to the narrow pass of to-day. Face your troubles one by one as they arise. Don't commit yourself to the open plain of to-morrow. You are not equal to that. God does not require you to do that." We felt as we listened to this language that the man who could paint like that might well be popular.

We must not forget to state that much should be attributed to the freshness and earnestness of *feeling* with which the preacher commends his message to the reception of his hearers. Mr. Spurgeon is a believer. His mind is fully made up as to what it is to believe like a Christian, and to feel and act like a Christian. In his language the case is so and so. It is no otherwise, can be no otherwise. God is God, let the atheist say what he will. God is never away from his own world—he is always in it, and ruling it. Some men may teach otherwise, but such teachings are a lie—a monstrous lie. Those who do battle for God's truth in God's world are never alone. They are always surrounded by chariots of fire, and horsemen of fire. The age of miracles has passed, but the age of the supernatural has not passed. The Gospel comes from the supernatural. It is supernatural. It does its appointed work only by the presence of the supernatural. The world is not fatherless, the church is not deserted—never has been, never shall be.

The directness, emphasis, and heartiness with which Mr. Spurgeon gives utterance to his belief in such truths stands in edifying

contrast with the dull, conventional, make-believe droning to which we have often to listen on such topics. Conviction is parent to conviction—feeling is parent to feeling. As it is with a speaker in these respects, so will it be to a large extent with his auditory.

In mentioning the *doctrine* of Mr. Spurgeon as one source of his popularity, we are aware that we need to speak with some discrimination and caution. His frequent boast is that he is a Calvinist. We doubt much, however, if he really knows what Calvinism is. The antinomians about him, to whom he often applies the lash with no sparing hand, are really better logicians, and more consistent than himself. His doctrine concerning the moral state of man is frightfully bald, and, carried out, would be frightfully mischievous. But the heart of the preacher comes in as a corrective of his head. The practical side of his theology does much towards neutralizing its speculative side. There is profound truth in the great substance of his teaching. All the qualities we have mentioned as tending to account for his popularity, would have failed to realize any such result had not his message, as embracing the great Catholic truths of the Gospel—the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Influence of the Holy Spirit, been in fact the one message which reaches to the deep spiritual want of man. Man may well sigh for deliverance from his present evils—for the intelligent and spiritual perfection of his nature. In Mr. Spurgeon's preaching there is the ceaseless proclamation of this deliverance—the ceaseless promise of this perfection. We feel bound to think that the elocution, the style, the pictorialness, and the earnestness of Charles Spurgeon, would all have been a comparatively unattractive affair on any other theme than this. And if so—what a significant fact is this? What must that Gospel be, which, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, is found to be thus potent in such hands? What must that human nature be, to which these hopeful and elevating influences are as precious on the banks of the Thames now, as they were to the spirits of multitudes in Jerusalem and Antioch, in Ephesus and Corinth, nearly two thousand years ago? Wonderful are the questions involved, and the issues presented, in these popular Sunday teachings—yet the people, all grades and complexions of people,

seem to feel that with such matters it behoves them to have seriously to do.

We believe ourselves that, to explain the fact presented in the Sunday meetings at the Surrey Gardens, we must go beyond the personal as found in the preacher, beyond the scheme of truth which he propounds and beyond the nature to which he propounds it,—that we must rest in nothing short of the Divine hand itself. The All-wise has often worked by instruments, and in ways, which would seem to have been chosen for the purpose of making a mock of the world's wisdom. He did so when he founded Christianity—he may do much like it again.

Certainly, a choice rebuke has been administered to a course of speculation which has become somewhat rife among us of late, especially among parties who account themselves as belonging to the far-seeing of their generation. It has come to be very much in fashion with some persons to speak of all things connected with religion as beset with great difficulty and mystery. On all such questions, we are told, there must be two sides, and the negative side, it is said, is generally much more formidable than is commonly imagined. It is assumed, accordingly, that to be in a state of some hesitancy and doubt is the sign of intelligence, while to be positive, very sure about anything, is the sign of a vulgar and shallow mind. Our people are said to be familiar with phrases about the doctrines of the Gospel, but with little more. They may become bigots in their conceit on such subjects, and know nothing. Educated men now must not be expected to be content with phrases, or with assertions. The preacher, in consequence, owes it to himself to deal with matters much otherwise than formerly. To insist on the authority of Scripture now as in past times, it is said, would be vain. To set forth the doctrines of the Gospel now as formerly would be wasted labor. The preacher must be more considerate, more candid, more forbearing. He must acquit himself with more intelligence, more independence, and in a more philosophical spirit, presenting his topics on broader and more general grounds. In other words, the old mode of presenting what is called the old truth has had its day. Whitfield himself, were he to come back again, would produce little impression on our generation.

But here comes a man—no Whitfield in

voice, in presence, in dignity, or genius, who nevertheless, as with one stroke of his hand, sweeps away all this sickly sentimentalism—this craven disbelief. It is all to him as so much of the merest gossamer web that could have crossed his path. He not only gives forth the old doctrine of St. Paul, in all the strength of Paul's language, but with exaggerations of his own, such as Paul would have been forward to disavow. This man knows nothing of doubt as to whence the Gospel is, what it is, or wherefore it has its place among us. On all such subjects his mind is that of a made-up man. In place of suspecting that the old accredited doctrines of the Gospel have pretty well done their work, he expects good from nothing else, and all that he clusters about them is for the sake of them. The philosophical precision, the literary refinements, the nice discriminations between what we may know

of a doctrine and what we may not, leaving us in the end perhaps scarcely any thing to know about it—all this, which according to some is so much needed by the age, is Mr. Spurgeon's utter scorn. He is the direct, dogmatic enunciator of the old Pauline truth, without the slightest attempt to soften its outline, its substance, or its results—and what has followed? Truly Providence would seem once more to have made foolish the wisdom of this world. While the gentlemen who know so well how people ought to preach, are left to exemplify their profound lessons before empty benches and in obscure corners, the young man at the Surrey Gardens can point to his 9000 auditors and ask—Who, with such a sight before him, dares despair of making the Gospel, the good old Gospel, a power in the great heart of humanity?

THE FASCINATIONS OF THE EAST.—What is the attraction defies definition; it can at most be expressed faintly by negatives. Climate has assuredly some share in it; but it is more than the bright sun and cloudless sky. It is not the earth, for the paradise of old days is turned to a desert; fever broods over the marble ruins of once populous cities; and even the Nile-land, still the Eden of Turkey, has not been trod with impunity by the Ottoman horse-hoofs. It is not society; for good coffee and pipes, even with the addition of whole seas of sherbet, cannot constitute society—still less those rare symposia, where the *causerie*, unknown to the Oriental, is poorly replaced by the nasal screeching of singers and the clang-clang of the *Kanun*. The student will find more learned Orientalists, more books, more facilities for his pursuits, in London, Paris, or Vienna, than in Cairo and Damascus. The sybarite will miss the fabled luxury, which exists only for a few of the mighty satraps, and which, even in their palaces, offers few temptations to the European. To the glutton, accustomed *qua ad beatam vitam pertinent ventre metiri*, the East has even less to offer. But while in the West young men are old, in the East man and nature seem to enjoy a perpetual spring. By degrees we learn to appreciate, and even to partake of the serenity which the very air inspires. Time slips by; but we neither remark its passage nor feel its weight. Day succeeds day; we feel that we have lived, but not that we grow older,

“E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegna.”

It is not the happiness of the Italian, but rather

the imperturbable equanimity of the philosopher, into which we subside; not the egotistical apathy of the recluse lost in the contemplation of his own navel, but the intelligent sympathy of the locker-on in a game he is ready to join in, when called upon. One is astonished at the youthful spirit of white-bearded old men, at the elasticity with which they bear up under unexpected reverses of fortune, not less than at the serenity with which they receive her favors. If they have made small advance in the education of the mind, one feels that they have not neglected that of the heart. We are at first struck by the apparent intellectual poverty of such a life; but we soon learn that it is rich in sensations, not the less vivid that we must seek them in ourselves. The restless activity of external life in the nobler nations of the West, has in great measure destroyed in them the interior self-sufficiency (if I may coin a word) which is the characteristic of the Eastern. Of course I speak of the common herd, not of exceptional men, not of those who think, well or ill, for their whole generation. No one who has mixed with the middle and lower orders in the East, can have failed to remark that the Oriental is pre-eminently a thinking being. I might go on through pages, still leave much unsaid, and still fail to convey the idea which I am seeking. I shall content myself with saying, that it is to the Old-World tone of Oriental life, to its trustfulness in God and self, to its individuality in short, that I am inclined to ascribe the charm which I cannot escape, but which escapes my pen.—*Hamilton's Wanderings*.

SINGLE FOR LIFE.

WITH crimson lips apart, and upraised eyes,
She sits alone in twilight's stilly calm;
The pale moonlight across her white brow lies,
The evening breeze brings on its wings rich
balm,
And from the steeple's top the bell pours forth
The vesper psalm.

Sad memory, faithful, points her hushed
thoughts back
To girlhood's glorious, rainbow-colored
dreams,
When silver clouds hung o'er her young life's
track,
And em'rald trees bent over crystal streams,
And all the gorgeous shining web of life
Was golden gleams.

Bright o'er her guileless heart Love's morning
broke;
To nobler joys her ardent pulses thrilled;
A thousand known blisses in her woke;
She paused—she loved, she worshipped, half
unwilled—
And then, ere long, a mellow, dreamy light
Her dark eye filled

The birds' sweet notes were rivalled by her
songs—
The dear gazelle was not more fleet than she—
She had an ear for every poor man's wrongs,
A tear to shed for all in agony;
Her ready hand gave lavish as the streams
Give to the sea.

A brief, glad space—her pure trust was be-
trayed;
Her clinging heart untwined and cast away;
Her whole soul's love 'gainst bright red gold
was weighed,
And rayless night was born of glowing day!
The rich-hued clouds, which draped her path,
were changed
To sullen grey.

A time of weeping—oh! so wild and dread!
Whole weeks of wailing, months in anguish
passed;

Then, when her eyes have no more tears to shed,
She takes of her false love one look—the
last—
Then tears the altar stone—his image spurns!
Iconoclast!

Life seems a desert, paved with burning sands,
Curtained with cold, black-bosomed, drizzly
skies;

Her rough way through it, bound with wound-
ing bands,
Filled full of angry gleaming serpent eyes!
The trees and flowers gaunt skeletons and
wraiths,
The breeze—her sighs.

She loves no more! Break off the tender vine,
And fresh green sprouts, in time, will spring
again,

Cast in the waves a stone, the eddying brine
Smooths over all, and heaves without a stain—
But break a heart, and its rent chords can ne'er
Tune to Love's strain!

A sweet old maid! pensive, and good, and kind;
Her great soul chastened in refining fire!
Lovely in form and face—a saint in mind—
A very angel in each pure desire!

A brave, true woman, doing duty here—
And looking higher.

Faith, Hope, and Trust, around her twine their
arms;
She leans her head on Truth's protecting
breast—

Virtue at her right hand, wards off all harms,
And angels fan her when she sinks to rest—
And God has sealed, within the Book of Life,
Her name, so blest!

THE ESTRANGED.

We who where friends, yet are not now,
We who must daily meet
With ready words and courteous bow,
Acquaintance of the street;
We must not scorn the holy past—
We must remember still
To honor feelings that outlast
The reason and the will.

I might reprove thy broken faith,
I might recall the time
When thou wert chartered mine till death
Through every fate and clime;
When every letter was a vow,
And fancy was not free
To dream of ended love; and thou
Wouldest say the same of me.

No, no! 'tis not for us to trim
The balance of our wrongs;
Enough to leave remorse to him
To whom remorse belongs!
Let our dead friendship be to us
A desecrated name;
Unutterable—mysterious—
A sorrow and a shame.

A sorrow that two hearts, which grew
Encased in mutual bliss,
Should wander, callous strangers, through
So cold a world as this!

A shame that we, whose hearts had earned
In life an early heaven,
Should be like angels, selfreturned
To death, when once forgiven!

Let us remain as living signs,
That they who run may read
Pain and disgrace in many lines,
As of a loss indeed!
That of our fellows any, who
The prize of love hath won,
May tremble at the thought to do
The thing that we have done!

LORN.

From Mr. Dickens' "Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices."

"Is there a doctor here?" asked Mr. Goodchild, on his knee, of the motherly landlady of the little Inn: stopping in his examination of Mr. Idle's ankle, with the aid of a candle.

"Ey, my word!" said the landlady, glancing doubtfully at the ankle for herself; "there's Doctor Speddie."

"Is he a good Doctor?"

"Ey!" said the landlady, "I ca' him so. A' cooms either nae doctor that I ken. Mair nor which, a's just THE doctor heer."

"Do you think he is at home?"

Her reply was, "Gang awa', Jock, and bring him."

Jock, a white-headed boy, who, under pretence of stirring up some bay salt in a basin of water for the laving of this unfortunate ankle, had greatly enjoyed himself for the last ten minutes in splashing the carpet, set off promptly. A very few minutes had elapsed when he showed the Doctor in, by tumbling against the door before him and bursting it open with his head.

"Gently, Jock, gently," said the doctor as he advanced with a quiet step. "Gentlemen, a good evening. I am sorry that my presence is required here. A slight accident, I hope? A slip and a fall? Yes, yes, yes. Carrock, indeed? Hah! Does that pain you, sir? No doubt, it does. It is the great connecting ligament here, you see, that has been badly strained. Time and rest, sir! They are often the recipe in greater cases," with a slight sigh, "and often the recipe in small. I can send a lotion to relieve you, but we must leave the cure to time and rest."

This he said, holding Idle's foot on his knee between his two hands, as he sat over against him. He had touched it tenderly and skilfully in explanation of what he said, and, when his careful examination was completed, softly returned it to its former horizontal position on a chair.

He spoke with a little irresolution whenever he began, but afterwards fluently. He was a tall, thin, large-boned, old gentleman, with an appearance at first sight of being hard-featured; but, at a second glance, the mild expression of his face and some particular touches of sweetness and patience about his mouth, corrected this impression and assigned his long professional ride, by

day and night, in the bleak hill weather, as the true cause of that appearance. He stooped very little, though past seventy and very grey. His dress was more like that of a clergyman than a country doctor, being a plain, black suit, and a plain white neck-kerchief tied behind like a band. His black was the worse for wear, and there were darns in his coat, and his linen was a little frayed at the hems and edges. He might have been poor—it was likely enough in that out-of-the-way spot—or he might have been a little self-forgetful and eccentric. Any one could have seen directly, that he had neither wife nor child at home. He had a scholarly air with him, and that kind of considerate humanity towards others which claimed a gentle consideration for himself. Mr. Goodchild made this study of him while he was examining the limb, and as he laid it down. Mr. Goodchild wishes to add that he considers it a very good likeness.

It came out in the course of a little conversation, that Doctor Speddie was acquainted with some friends of Thomas Idle's and had, when a young man, passed some years in Thomas Idle's birthplace on the other side of England. Certain idle labors, the fruit of Mr. Goodchild's apprenticeship, also happened to be well known to him. The lazy travellers were thus placed on a more intimate footing with the Doctor than the casual circumstances of the meeting would of themselves have established; and when Doctor Speddie rose to go home, remarking that he would send his assistant with the lotion, Francis Goodchild said that was unnecessary, for, by the Doctor's leave, he would accompany him, and bring it back. (Having done nothing to fatigue himself for a full quarter of an hour, Francis began to fear that he was not in a state of idleness.)

Doctor Speddie politely assented to the proposition of Francis Goodchild, "as it would give him the pleasure of enjoying a few more minutes of Mr. Goodchild's society than he could otherwise have hoped for," and they went out together into the village street. The rain had nearly ceased, the clouds had broken before a cool wind from the north-east, and stars were shining from the peaceful heights beyond them.

Doctor Speddie's house was the last house in the place. Beyond it, lay the moor, all dark and lonesome. The wind moaned in a

low, dull, shivering manner round the little garden, like a houseless creature that knew the winter was coming. It was exceedingly wild and solitary. "Roses," said the Doctor, when Goodchild touched some wet leaves overhanging the stone porch; "but they get cut to pieces."

The Doctor opened the door with a key he carried, and led the way into a low but pretty ample hall with rooms on either side. The door of one of these stood open, and the Doctor entered it, with a word of welcome to his guest. It, too, was a low room, half surgery and half parlor, with shelves of books and bottles against the walls, which were of a very dark hue. There was a fire in the grate, the night being damp and chill. Leaning against the chimney-piece looking down into it, stood the Doctor's Assistant.

A man of a most remarkable appearance. Much older than Mr. Goodchild had expected, for he was at least two-and-fifty; but, that was nothing. What was startling in him was his remarkable paleness. His large black eyes, his sunken cheeks, his long and heavy iron-grey hair, his wasted hands, and even the attenuation of his figure, were at first forgotten in his extraordinary pallor. There was no vestige of color in the man. When he turned his face, Francis Goodchild started as if a stone figure had looked round at him.

"Mr. Lorn," said the Doctor. "Mr. Goodchild."

The Assistant, in a distraught way—as if he had forgotten something—as if he had forgotten every thing, even to his own name and himself—acknowledged the visitor's presence, and stepped further back into the shadow of the wall behind him. But, he was so pale that his face stood out in relief against the dark wall, and really could not be hidden so.

"Mr. Goodchild's friend has met with an accident, Lorn," said Doctor Speddie. "We want the lotion for a bad sprain."

A pause.

"My dear fellow, you are more than usually absent to-night. The lotion for a bad sprain."

"Ah! yes! Directly."

He was evidently relieved to turn away, and to take his white face and his wild eyes to a table in a recess among the bottles. But though he stood there, compounding the lotion with his back towards them, Good-

child could not, for many moments, withdraw his gaze from the man. When he at length did so, he found the Doctor observing him, with some trouble in his face. "He is absent," explained the Doctor, in a low voice. "Always absent. Very absent."

"Is he ill?"

"No, not ill."

"Unhappy?"

"I have my suspicions that he was," asserted the Doctor, "once."

Francis Goodchild could not but observe that the Doctor accompanied these words with a benignant and protecting glance at their subject, in which there was much of the expression with which an attached father might have looked at a heavily afflicted son. Yet, that they were not father and son must have been plain to most eyes. The Assistant, on the other hand, turning presently to ask the Doctor some question, looked at him with a wan smile as if he were his whole reliance and sustainment in life.

It was in vain for the Doctor in his easy-chair, to try to lead the mind of Mr. Goodchild in the opposite easy-chair, away from what was before him. Let Mr. Goodchild do what he would to follow the Doctor, his eyes and thoughts reverted to the Assistant. The Doctor soon perceived it, and after falling silent, and musing in a little perplexity, said:—

"Lorn!"

"My dear Doctor."

"Would you go to the Inn, and apply that lotion? You will show the best way of applying it, far better than Mr. Goodchild can."

"With pleasure."

The Assistant took his hat, and passed like a shadow to the door.

"Lorn!" said the Doctor, calling after him.

He returned.

"Mr. Goodchild will keep me company till you come back. Don't hurry. Excuse my calling you back."

"It is not," said the Assistant, with his former smile, "the first time you have called me back, dear Doctor." With those words he went away.

"Mr. Goodchild," said Doctor Speddie, in a low voice, and with his former troubled expression of face, "I have seen that your attention has been concentrated on my friend."

"He fascinates me. I must apologize to you, but he has quite bewildered and mastered me."

"I find that a lonely existence and a long secret," said the Doctor, drawing his chair a little nearer to Mr. Goodchild's, "become in the course of time very heavy. I will tell you something. You may make what use you will of it under fictitious names. I know I may trust you. I am the more inclined to confidence to-night, through having been unexpectedly led back, by the current of our conversation at the Inn, to scenes in my early life. Will you please to draw a little nearer?"

Mr. Goodchild drew a little nearer, and the Doctor went on thus: speaking, for the most part, in so cautious a voice, that the wind, though it was far from high, occasionally got the better of him.

When this present nineteenth century was younger by a good many years than it is now a certain friend of mine, named Arthur Holliday, happened to arrive in the town of Doncaster, exactly in the middle of the race-week, or, in other words, in the middle of the month of September. He was one of those reckless, rattlepated, open-hearted, and open-mouthed young gentlemen, who possess the gift of familiarity in its highest perfection, and who scramble carelessly along the journey of life making friends, as the phrase is, wherever they go. His father was a rich manufacturer, and had bought landed property enough in one of the midland counties to make all the born squires in his neighborhood thoroughly envious of him. Arthur was his only son, possessor in prospect of the great estate and the great business after his father's death; well supplied with money, and not too rigidly looked after, during his father's lifetime. Report, or scandal, whichever you please, said that the old gentleman had been rather wild in his youthful days, and that, unlike most parents, he was not disposed to be violently indignant when he found that his son took after him. This may be true or not. I myself only knew the elder Mr. Holliday when he was getting on in years; and then he was as quiet and as respectable a gentleman as ever I met with.

Well, one September, as I told you, young Arthur comes to Doncaster, having decided all of a sudden, in his hare-brained way, that

he would go to the races. He did not reach the town till towards the close of the evening, and he went at once to see about his dinner and bed at the principal hotel. Dinner they were ready enough to give him; but as for a bed, they laughed when he mentioned it. In the race-week at Doncaster, it is no uncommon thing for visitors who have not bespoken apartments, to pass the night in their carriages at the inn doors. As for the lower sort of strangers, I myself have often seen them, at that full time, sleeping out on the doorsteps for want of a covered place to creep under. Rich as he was, Arthur's chance of getting a night's lodging (seeing that he had not written beforehand to secure one) was more than doubtful. He tried the second hotel, and the third hotel, and two of the inferior inns after that; and was met everywhere by the same form of answer. No accommodation for the night of any sort was left. All the bright golden sovereigns in his pocket would not buy him a bed at Doncaster in the race-week.

To a young fellow of Arthur's temperament, the novelty of being turned away into the street, like a penniless vagabond, at every house where he asked for a lodging, presented itself in the light of a new and highly amusing piece of experience. He went on, with his carpet-bag in his hand, applying for a bed at every place of entertainment for travellers that he could find in Doncaster, until he wandered into the outskirts of the town. By this time, the last glimmer of twilight had faded out, the moon was rising dimly in a mist, the wind was getting cold, the clouds were gathering heavily, and there was every prospect that it was soon going to rain.

The look of the night had rather a lowering effect on young Holliday's good spirits. He began to contemplate the houseless situation in which he was placed, from the serious rather than the humorous point of view; and he looked about him, for another public-house to enquire at, with something very like downright anxiety in his mind on the subject of a lodging for the night. The suburban part of the town towards which he had now strayed was hardly lighted at all, and he could see nothing of the houses as he passed them, except that they got progressively smaller and dirtier, the farther he went. Down the winding road before him shone the dull gleam of an oil lamp, the one faint, lonely light that

struggled ineffectually with the foggy darkness all round him. He resolved to go on as far as this lamp, and then, if it showed him nothing in the shape of an Inn, to return to the central part of the town and try if he could not at least secure a chair to sit down on, through the night, at one of the principal Hotels.

As he got near the lamp, he heard voices; and, walking close under it, found that it lighted the entrance to a narrow court, on the wall of which was painted a long hand in faded flesh-color, pointing with a lean forefinger, to this inscription :

“THE TWO ROBINS.”

Arthur turned into the court without hesitation, to see what The Two Robins could do for him. Four or five men were standing together round the door of the house which was at the bottom of the court, facing the entrance from the street. The men were all listening to one other man, better dressed than the rest, who was telling his audience something, in a low voice, in which they were apparently very much interested.

On entering the passage, Arthur was passed by a stranger with a knapsack in his hand, who was evidently leaving the house.

“No,” said the traveller with the knapsack, turning round and addressing himself cheerfully to a fat, sly-looking, bald-headed man, with a dirty white apron on, who had followed him down the passage. “No, Mr. Landlord, I am not easily scared by trifles; but, I don’t mind confessing that I can’t quite stand that.”

It occurred to young Holliday, the moment he heard these words, that the stranger had been asked an exorbitant price for a bed at The Two Robins; and that he was unable or unwilling to pay it. The moment his back was turned, Arthur, comfortably conscious of his own well-filled pockets, addressed himself in a great hurry, for fear any other benighted traveller should slip in and forestall him, to the sly-looking landlord with the dirty apron and the bald head.

“If you have got a bed to let,” he said, “and if that gentleman who has just gone out won’t pay you your price for it, I will.”

The sly landlord looked hard at Arthur.

“Will you, sir?” he asked, in a meditative, doubtful way.

“Name your price,” said young Holliday,

thinking that the landlord’s hesitation sprang from some boorish distrust of him. “Name your price, and I’ll give you the money at once, if you like?”

“Are you game for five shillings?” enquired the landlord, rubbing his stubby double chin, and looking up thoughtfully at the ceiling above him.

Arthur nearly laughed in the man’s face; but thinking it prudent to control himself, offered the five shillings as seriously as he could. The sly landlord held out his hand, then suddenly drew it back again.

“You’re acting all fair and above-board by me,” he said: “and, before I take your money, I’ll do the same by you. Look here, this is how it stands. You can have a bed all to yourself for five shillings; but you can’t have more than a half-share of the room it stands in. Do you see what I mean, young gentleman?”

“Of course I do,” returned Arthur, a little irritably. “You mean that it is a double-bedded room, and that one of the beds is occupied?”

The landlord nodded his head, and rubbed his double chin harder than ever. Arthur hesitated, and mechanically moved back a step or two towards the door. The idea of sleeping in the same room with a total stranger, did not present an attractive prospect to him. He felt more than half-inclined to drop his five shillings into his pocket, and to go out into the street once more.

“Is it yes, or no?” asked the landlord. “Settle it as quick as you can, because there’s lots of people wanting a bed at Doncaster tonight, besides you.”

Arthur looked towards the court, and heard the rain falling heavily in the street outside. He thought he would ask a question or two before he rashly decided on leaving the shelter of The Two Robins.

“What sort of a man is it who has got the other bed?” he inquired. “Is he a gentleman? I mean, is he a quiet, well-behaved person?”

“The quietest man I ever came across,” said the landlord, rubbing his fat hands stealthily one over the other. “As sober as a judge, and as regular as clock-work in his habits. It hasn’t struck nine, not ten minutes ago, and he’s in his bed already. I don’t know whether that comes up to your notion.”

of a quiet man: it goes a long way a-head of mine, I can tell you."

"Is he asleep, do you think?" asked Arthur.

"I know he's asleep," returned the landlord. "And what's more, he's gone off so fast, that I'll warrant you don't wake him. This way, sir," said the landlord, speaking over young Holliday's shoulder, as if he was addressing some new guest who was approaching the house.

"Here you are," said Arthur, determined to be before-hand with the stranger, whoever he might be. "I'll take the bed." And he handed the five shillings to the landlord, who nodded, dropped the money carelessly into his waistcoat-pocket, and lighted a candle.

"Come up and see the room," said the host of The Two Robins, leading the way to the staircase quite briskly considering how fat he was.

They mounted to the second-floor of the house. The landlord half opened a door, fronting the landing, then stopped, and turned round to Arthur.

"It's a fair bargain, mind, on my side as well as on yours," he said. "You give me five shillings, I give you in return a clean, comfortable bed; and I warrant, beforehand, that you won't be interfered with, or annoyed in any way, by the man who sleeps in the same room with you." Saying those words, he looked hard, for a moment, in young Holliday's face, and then led the way into the room.

It was larger and cleaner than Arthur had expected it would be. The two beds stood parallel with each other—a space of about six feet intervening between them. They were both of the same medium size, and both had the same plain white curtains, made to draw, if necessary, all round them. The occupied bed was the bed nearest the window. The curtains were all drawn around this, except the half-curtain at the bottom on the side of the bed farthest from the window. Arthur saw the feet of the sleeping man raising the scanty clothes into a sharp little eminence, as if he was lying flat on his back. He took the candle, and advanced softly to draw the curtain—stopped half way, and listened for a moment—then turned to the landlord.

"He is a very quiet sleeper," said Arthur.

"Yes," said the landlord, "very quiet."

Young Holliday advanced with the candle, and looked in at the man cautiously.

"How pale he is!" said Arthur.

"Yes," returned the landlord, "pale enough, isn't he?"

Arthur looked closer at the man. The bed-cloths were drawn up to his chin, and they lay perfectly still over the region of his chest. Surprised and vaguely startled, as he noticed this, Arthur stooped down closer over the stranger; looked at his ashy, parted lips; listened breathlessly for an instant; looked again at the strangely still face, and the motionless lips and chest; and turned round suddenly on the landlord, with his own cheeks as pale for the moment as the hollow cheeks of the man on the bed.

"Come here," he whispered, under his breath. "Come here, for God's sake! The man's not asleep—he is dead!"

"You have found that out sooner than I thought you would," said the landlord composedly. "Yes, he's dead, sure enough. He died at five o'clock to-day."

"How did he die? Who is he?" asked Arthur, staggered, for the moment, by the audacious coolness of the answer.

"As to who is he," rejoined the landlord "I know no more about him than you do. There are his books and letters and things, all sealed up in that brown paper parcel, for the Coroner's inquest to open to-morrow or next day. He's been here a week, paying his way fairly enough, and stopping in-doors for the most part, as if he was ailing. My girl brought him up his tea at five to-day, and as he was pouring of it out, he fell down in a faint, or a fit, or a compound of both, for any thing I know. We could not bring him to—and I said he was dead. And the doctor couldn't bring him to—and the doctor said he was dead. And there he is. And the Coroner's inquest's coming as soon as it can. And that's as much as I know about it."

Arthur held the candle close to the man's lips. The flame still burnt straight up, as steadily as ever. There was a moment of silence; and the rain pattered drearily through it against the panes of the window.

"If you haven't got nothing more to say to me," continued the landlord, "I suppose I may go. You don't expect your five shillings back, do you? There's the bed I promised you, clean and comfortable. There's the

man I warranted not to disturb you, quiet in this world forever. If you're frightened to stop alone with him, that's not my look out. I've kept my part of the bargain and I mean to keep the money. I'm not Yorkshire, myself, young gentleman; but I've lived long enough in these parts to have my wits sharpened; and I shouldn't wonder if you found out the way to brighten up yours, next time you come among us." With these words, the landlord turned towards the door, and laughed to himself softly, in high satisfaction at his own sharpness.

Startled and shocked as he was, Arthur had by this time sufficiently recovered himself to feel indignant at the trick that had been played on him, and at the insolent manner in which the landlord exulted in it.

"Don't laugh," he said sharply, "till you are quite sure you have got the laugh against me. You shan't have the five shillings for nothing, my man. I'll keep the bed."

"Will you?" said the landlord. "Then I wish you a good night's rest." With that brief farewell, he went out, and shut the door after him.

A good night's rest! The words had hardly been spoken, the door had hardly been closed, before Arthur half-repenting the hasty words that had just escaped him. Though not naturally over-sensitive, and not wanting in courage of the moral as well as the physical sort, the presence of the dead man had an instantaneously chilling effect on his mind when he found himself alone in the room—alone, and bound by his own rash words to stay there till the next morning. An older man would have thought nothing of those words, and would have acted, without reference to them, as his calmer sense suggested. But Arthur was too young to treat the ridicule, even of his inferiors, with contempt—too young not to fear the momentary humiliation of falsifying his own foolish boast, more than he feared the trial of watching out the long night in the same chamber with the dead.

"It is but a few hours," he thought to himself, "and I can get away the first thing in the morning."

He was looking towards the occupied bed as that idea passed through his mind, and the sharp angular eminence made in the clothes by the dead man's upturned feet again caught his eye. He advanced and

drew the curtains, purposely abstaining, as he did so from looking at the face of the corpse, lest he might unnerve himself at the outset by fastening some ghastly impression of it on his mind. He drew the curtain very gently, and sighed involuntarily as he closed it. "Poor fellow," he said, almost as sadly as if he had known the man. "Ah, poor fellow!"

He went next to the window. The night was black, and he could see nothing from it. The rain still pattered heavily against the glass. He inferred, from hearing it, that the window was at the back of the house; remembering that the front was sheltered from the weather by the court and the buildings over it.

While he was still standing at the window—for even the dreary rain was a relief, because of the sound it made; a relief, also, because it moved, and had some faint suggestion, in consequence, of life and companionship in it—while he was standing at the window, and looking vacantly into the black darkness outside, he heard a distant church-clock strike ten. Only ten! How was he to pass the time till the house was astir the next morning?

Under any other circumstances, he would have gone down to the public-house parlor, would have called for his grog, and would have laughed and talked with the company assembled as familiarly as if he had known them all his life. But the very thought of whiling away the time in this manner was now distasteful to him. The new situation in which he was placed seemed to have altered him to himself already. Thus far, his life had been the common, trifling, prosaic, surface-life of a prosperous young man, with no trouble to conquer, and no trials to face. He had lost no relation whom he loved, no friend whom he treasured. Till this night, what share he had of the immortal inheritance that is divided amongst us all, had lain dormant within him. Till this night, Death and he had not once met, even in thought.

He took a few turns up and down the room—then stopped. The noise made by his boots on the poorly carpeted floor, jarred on his ear. He hesitated a little, and ended by taking the boots off, and walking backwards and forwards noiselessly. All desire to sleep or to rest had left him. The bare thought of lying down on the unoccupied bed in-

stantly drew the picture on his mind of a dreadful mimicry of the position of the dead man. Who was he? What was the story of his past life? Poor he must have been, or he would not have stopped at such a place as the Two Robbins Inn—and weakened, probably, by long illness, or he could hardly have died in the manner which the landlord had described. Poor, ill, lonely,—dead in a strange place; dead, with nobody but a stranger to pity him. A sad story: truly, on the mere face of it, a very sad story.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he had stopped insensibly at the window, close to which stood the foot of the bed with the closed curtains. At first he looked at it absently; then he became conscious that his eyes were fixed on it; and then, a perverse desire took possession of him to do the very thing which he had resolved not to do, up to this time—to look at the dead man.

He stretched out his hand towards the curtains: but checked himself in the very act of undrawing them, turned his back sharply on the bed, and walked towards the chimney-piece, to see what things were placed on it, and to try if he could keep the dead man out of his mind in that way.

There was a pewter inkstand on the chimney-piece, with some mildewed remains of ink in the bottle. There were two coarse china ornaments of the commonest kind; and there was a square of embossed card, dirty and fly-blown, with a collection of wretched riddles printed on it, in all sorts of zig-zag directions, and in variously colored inks. He took the card, and went away to read it, to the table on which the candle was placed; sitting down, with his back resolutely turned to the curtained bed.

He read the first riddle, the second, the third, all in one corner of the card—then turned it round impatiently to look at another. Before he could begin reading the riddles printed here, the sound of the church-clock stopped him. Eleven. He had got through an hour of the time, in the room with the dead man.

Once more he looked at the card. It was not easy to make out the letters printed on it, in consequence of the dimness of the light which the landlord had left him—a common tallow candle, furnished with a pair of heavy old-fashioned steel snuffers. Up to this time,

his mind had been too much occupied to think of the light. He had left the wick of the candle unsnuffed, till it had risen higher than the flame, and had burnt into an odd pent-house shape at the top, from which morsels of the charred cotton fell off, from time to time, in little flakes. He took up the snuffers now, and trimmed the wick. The light brightened directly, and the room became less dismal.

Again he turned to the riddles; reading them doggedly and resolutely, now in one corner of the card, now in another. All his efforts, however, could not fix his attention on them. He pursued his occupation mechanically, deriving no sort of impression from what he was reading. It was as if a shadow from the curtained bed had got between his mind and the gaily printed letters—a shadow that nothing could dispel. At last he gave up the struggle, and threw the card from him impatiently, and took to walking softly up and down the room again.

The dead man, the dead man, the *hidden* dead man on the bed! There was the one persistent idea still haunting him. Hidden! Was it only the body being there, or was it the body being there, concealed, that was preying on his mind? He stopped at the window, with that doubt in him; once more listening to the pattering rain, once more looking out into the black darkness.

Still the dead man! The darkness forced his mind back upon itself and set his memory at work, reviving, with a painfully-vivid distinctness the momentary impression it had received from his first sight of the corpse. Before long the face seemed to be hovering out in the middle of the darkness, confronting him through the window, with the paleness whiter, with the dreadful dull line of light between the imperfectly-closed eyelids broader than he had seen it—with the parted lips slowly dropping farther and farther away from each other—with the features growing larger and moving closer, till they seemed to fill the window and to silence the rain, and to shut out the night.

The sound of a voice, shouting below stairs, woke him suddenly from the dream of his own distempered fancy. He recognized it as the voice of the landlord. "Shut up at twelve, Ben," he heard it say. "I'm off to bed."

He wiped away the damp that had gath-

ered on his forehead, reasoned with himself for a little while, and resolved to shake his mind free of the ghastly counterfeit which still clung to it, by forcing himself to confront, if it was only for a moment, the solemn reality. Without allowing himself an instant to hesitate, he parted the curtains at the foot of the bed, and looked through.

There was the sad, peaceful, white face with the awful mystery of stillness on it, laid back upon the pillow. No stir, no change there! He only looked at it for a moment before he closed the curtains again—but that moment steadied him, calmed him, restored him—mind and body—to himself.

He returned to his old occupation of walking up and down the room; persevering in it, this time, till the clock struck again. *Twelve.*

As the sound of the clock-bell died away, it was succeeded by the confused noise, down stairs, of the drinkers in the tap-room leaving the house. The next sound, after an interval of silence, was caused by the barring of the door, and the closing of the shutters, at the back of the Inn. Then the silence followed again, and was disturbed no more.

He was alone now—absolutely, utterly, alone with the dead man, till the next morning.

The wick of the candle wanted trimming again. He took up the snuffers—but paused suddenly on the very point of using them, and looked attentively at the candle—then back over his shoulder, at the curtained bed—then again at the candle. It had been lighted, for the first time, to show him the way up-stairs, and three parts of it at least, were already consumed. In another hour it would be burnt out. In another hour—unless he called at once to the man who had shut up the Inn, for a fresh candle—he would be left in the dark.

Strongly as his mind had been affected since he had entered the room, his unreasonable dread of encountering ridicule, and of exposing his courage to suspicion, had not altogether lost its influence over him, even yet. He lingered irresolutely by the table, waiting till he could prevail on himself to open the door, and call, from the landing, to the man who had shut up the Inn. In his present hesitating frame of mind, it was a kind of relief to gain a few moments only by engaging in the trifling occupation of snuffing

the candle. His hand trembled a little, and the snuffers were heavy and awkward to use. When he closed them on the wick, he closed them a hair's breadth too low. In an instant the candle was out, and the room was plunged in pitch darkness.

The one impression which the absence of light immediately produced on his mind was distrust of the curtained bed—distrust which shaped itself into no distinct idea, but which was powerful enough, in its very vagueness, to bind him down to his chair, to make his heart beat fast, and to set him listening intently. No sound stirred in the room but the familiar sound of the rain against the window, louder and sharper now than he had heard it yet.

Still the vague distrust, the inexpressible dread possessed him, and kept him in his chair. He had put his carpet-bag on the table, when he first entered the room; and he now took the key from his pocket, reached out his hand softly, opened the bag, and groped in it for his travelling writing-case, in which he knew that there was a small store of matches. When he had got one of the matches, he waited before he struck it on the coarse, wooden table, and listened intently again, without knowing why. Still there was no sound in the room but the steady, ceaseless, rattling sound of the rain.

He lighted the candle again without another moment of delay; and, on the instant of its burning up, the first object in the room that his eyes sought for was the curtained bed.

Just before the light had been put out, he had looked in that direction, and had seen no change, no disarrangement of any sort, in the folds of the closely-drawn curtains.

When he looked at the bed, now, he saw, hanging over the side of it, a long, white hand.

It lay perfectly motionless, midway on the side of the bed, where the curtain at the head and the curtain at the foot met. Nothing more was visible. The clinging curtains hid every thing but the long, white hand.

He stood looking at it unable to stir, unable to call out: feeling nothing, knowing nothing; every faculty he possessed gathered up and lost in the one seeing faculty. How long that first panic held him he never could tell afterwards. It might have been only for

a moment ; it might have been for many minutes together. How he got to the bed—whether he ran to it headlong, or whether he approached it slowly—how he wrought himself up to uncloset the curtains and look in, he never has remembered, and never will remember to his dying day. It is enough that he did go to the bed, and that he did look inside the curtains.

The man had moved. One of his arms was outside the clothes ; his face was turned a little on the pillow ; his eyelids were wide open. Changed as to position, and as to one of the features, the face was otherwise, fearfully and wonderfully unaltered. The dead paleness and dead quiet were on it still.

One glance showed Arthur this—one glance, before he flew breathlessly to the door, and alarmed the house.

The man whom the landlord called "Ben," was the first to appear on the stairs. In three words, Arthur told him what had happened, and sent him for the nearest doctor.

I, who tell you this story, was then staying with a medical friend of mine, in practice at Doncaster, taking care of his patients for him, during his absence in London ; and I, for the time being, was the nearest doctor. They had sent for me from the Inn, when the stranger was taken ill in the afternoon ; but I was not at home, and medical assistance was sought for elsewhere. When the man from The Two Robins rang the night-bell, I was just thinking of going to bed. Naturally enough, I did not believe a word of his story about "a dead man who had come to life again." However, I put on my hat, armed myself with one or two bottles of restorative medicine, and ran to the Inn, expecting to find nothing more remarkable, when I got there, than a patient in a fit.

My surprise at finding that the man had spoken the literal truth was almost, if not quite, equalled by my astonishment at finding myself face to face with Arthur Holiday as soon as I entered the bedroom. It was no time then for giving or seeking explanations. We just shook hands amazedly ; and then I ordered every body but Arthur out of the room, and hurried to the man on the bed.

The kitchen fire had not been long out. There was plenty of hot water in the boiler, and plenty of flannel to be had. With these with my medicines, and with such help as

Arthur could render under my direction, I dragged the man, literally, out of the jaws of death. In less than an hour from the time when I had been called in, he was alive and talking in the bed on which he had been laid out to wait for the Coroner's inquest.

You will naturally ask me what had been the matter with him ; and I might treat you, in reply, to a long theory, plentifully sprinkled with, what the children call hard words. I prefer telling you that, in this case, cause and effect could not be satisfactorily joined together by any theory whatever. There are mysteries in life, and the conditions of it, which human science has not fathomed yet ; and I candidly confess to you, that, in bringing that man back to existence, I was, morally speaking, groping hap-hazard in the dark. I know (from the testimony of the doctor who attended him in the afternoon) that the vital machinery, so far as its action if appreciable by our senses, had in this case, unquestionably stopped ; and I am equally certain (seeing that I recovered him) that the vital principle was not extinct. When I add, that he had suffered from a long and complicated illness, and that his whole nervous system was utterly deranged, I have told you all I really know of the physical condition of my dead-alive patient at the Two Robbins Inn.

When he "came to," as the phrase goes, he was a startling object to look at, with his colorless face, his sunken cheeks, his wild black eyes, and his long, black hair. The first question he asked me about himself, when he could speak, made me suspect that I had been called in to a man in my own profession. I mentioned to him my surmise ; and he told me that I was right.

He said he had come last from Paris, where he had been attached to a hospital. That he had lately returned to England, on his way to Edinburgh, to continue his studies ; that he had been taken ill on the journey ; and that he had stopped to rest and recover himself at Doncaster. He did not add a word about his name, or who he was, and of course, I did not question him on the subject. All I inquired, when he ceased speaking, was what branch of the profession he intended to follow.

"Any branch," he said bitterly, "which will put bread into the mouth of a poor man."

At this, Arthur, who had been hitherto watching him in silent curiosity, burst out impetuously in his usual good-humored way:

"My dear fellow!" (every body was "my dear fellow" with Arthur) "now you have come to life again, don't begin by being down-hearted about your prospects. I'll answer for it, I can help you to some capital thing in the medical line—or, if I can't, I know my father can."

The medical student looked at him steadily.

"Thank you," he said coldly. Then added, "May I ask who your father is?"

"He's well enough known all about this part of the country," replied Arthur. "He is a great manufacturer, and his name is Holliday."

My hand was on the man's wrist during this brief conversation. The instant the name of Holliday was pronounced I felt the pulse under my fingers flutter, stop, go on suddenly with a bound, and beat afterwards, for a minute or two, at the fever rate.

"How did you come here?" asked the stranger, quickly, excitably, passionately almost.

Arthur related briefly what had happened from the time of his first taking the bed at the inn.

"I am indebted to Mr. Holliday's son then for the help that has saved my life," said the medical student, speaking to himself, with a singular sarcasm in his voice. "Come here!"

He held out, as he spoke, his long, white, bony right hand.

"With all my heart," said Arthur, taking the hand cordially. "I may confess it now," he continued, laughing, "upon my honor, you almost frightened me out of my wits."

The stranger did not seem to listen. His wild, black eyes were fixed with a look of eager interest on Arthur's face, and his long, bony fingers kept tight hold of Arthur's hand. Young Holliday, on his side, returned the gaze, amazed and puzzled by the medical student's odd language and manners. The two faces were close together; I looked at them; and, to my amazement, I was suddenly impressed by the sense of a likeness between them—not in features or complexion but solely in expression. It must have been a strong likeness, or I should certainly not have found it out, for I am naturally slow at detecting resemblances between faces.

"You have saved my life," said the strange

man, still looking hard in Arthur's face, still holding tightly by his hand. "If you had been my own brother, you could not have done more for me than that."

He had laid a singularly strong emphasis on those three words "my own brother" and a change passed over his face as he pronounced them,—a change that no language of mine is competent to describe.

"I hope I have not done being of service to you yet," said Arthur. "I'll speak to my father, as soon as I get home."

"You seem to be fond and proud of your father," said the medical student. "I suppose, in return, he is fond and proud of you?"

"Of course, he is!" answered Arthur, laughing. "Is there any thing wonderful in that? Isn't your father fond—"

The stranger suddenly dropped young Holliday's hand, and turned his face away.

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur. "I hope I have not unintentionally pained you. I hope you have not lost your father?"

"I can't well lose what I have never had," retorted the medical student, with a harsh, mocking laugh.

"What you have never had:—"

The strange man suddenly caught Arthur's hand again, suddenly looked once more hard in his face.

"Yes," he said, with a repetition of the bitter laugh. "You have brought a poor devil back into the world, who has no business there. Do I astonish you? Well! I have a fancy of my own for telling you what men in my situation generally keep a secret. I have no name and no father. The merciful law of Society tells me I am Nobody's Son. Ask your father if he will be my father too, and help me on in life with the family name."

Arthur looked at me, more puzzled than ever. I signed to him to say nothing, and then laid my fingers again on the man's wrist. No! In spite of the extraordinary speech that he had just made, he was not, as I had been disposed to suspect, beginning to get light-headed. His pulse, by this time, had fallen back to a quiet, slow beat, and his skin was moist and cool. Not a symptom of fever or agitation about him.

Finding that neither of us answered him, he turned to me, and began talking of the extraordinary nature of his case, and asking my advice about the future course of medical treatment to which he ought to subject him-

self. I said the matter required careful thinking over, and suggested that I should submit certain prescriptions to him the next morning. He told me to write them at once, as he would, most likely, be leaving Doncaster, in the morning, before I was up. It was quite useless to represent to him the folly and danger of such a proceeding as this. He heard me politely and patiently, but held to his resolution, without offering any reasons or any explanations, and repeated to me, that if I wished to give him a chance of seeing my prescription, I must write it at once. Hearing this, Arthur volunteered the loan of a travelling writing-case, which, he said, he had with him; and, bringing it to the bed, shook the notepaper out of the pocket of the case forthwith in his usual careless way. With the paper, there fell out on the counterpane of the bed a small packet of sticking-plaster, and a little water-color drawing of a landscape.

The medical student took up the drawing and looked at it. His eye fell on some initials neatly written, in cypher, in one corner. He started, and trembled; his pale face grew whiter than ever; his wild black eyes turned on Arthur, and looked through and through him.

"A pretty drawing," he said, in a remarkably quiet tone of voice.

"Ah! and done by such a pretty girl," said Arthur. "O, such a pretty girl! I wish it was not a landscape—I wish it was a portrait of her!"

"You admire her very much?"

Arthur, half in jest, half in earnest, kissed his hand for answer.

"Love at first sight?" he said, putting the drawing away again. "But the course of it doesn't run smooth. It's the old story. She's monopolized as usual. Trammelled by a rash engagement to some poor man who is never likely to get money enough to marry her. It was lucky I heard of it in time, or I should certainly have risked a declaration when she gave me that drawing. Here, doctor! Here is pen, ink, and paper all ready for you."

"When she gave you that drawing? Gave it. Gave it." He repeated the words slowly to himself, and suddenly closed his eyes. A momentary distortion passed across his face, and I saw one of his hands clutch up the bedclothes and squeeze them hard. I thought

he was going to be ill again, and begged that there might be no more talking. He opened his eyes when I spoke, fixed them once more searchingly on Arthur, and said, slowly and distinctly, "You like her, and she likes you. The poor man may die out of your way. Who can tell that she may not give you herself as well as her drawing, after all?"

Before young Holliday could answer, he turned to me, and said in a whisper, "Now for the prescription." From that time, though he spoke to Arthur again, he never looked at him more.

When I had written the prescription, he examined it, approved of it, and then astonished us both by abruptly wishing us good night. I offered to sit up with him, and he shook his head. Arthur offered to sit up with him, and he said, shortly, with his face turned away, "No." I insisted on having somebody left to watch him. He gave way when he found I was determined, and said he would accept the services of the waiter at the inn.

"Thank you, both," he said, as we rose to go. "I have one last favor to ask—not of you, doctor, for I leave you to exercise your professional discretion—but of Mr. Holliday." His eyes, while he spoke, still rested steadily on me, and never once turned towards Arthur. "I beg that Mr. Holliday will not mention to any one—least of all to his father—the events that have occurred, and the words that have passed, in this room. I entreat him to bury me in his memory, as, but for him, I might have been buried in my grave. I cannot give my reasons for making this strange request. I can only implore him to grant it."

His voice faltered for the first time, and he hid his face on the pillow. Arthur, completely bewildered, gave the required pledge. I took young Holliday away with me, immediately afterwards, to the house of my friend; determining to go back to the inn, and to see the medical student again before he had left in the morning.

I returned to the inn at eight o'clock, purposely abstaining from waking Arthur, who was sleeping off the past night's excitement on one of my friend's sofas. A suspicion had occurred to me, as soon as I was alone in my bedroom, which made me resolve that Holliday and the stranger whose life he had saved should not meet again, if I could prevent it. I have already alluded to certain

reports, or scandals, which I knew of, relating to the early life of Arthur's father. While I was thinking, in my bed, of what had passed at the Inn—of the change in the student's pulse when he heard the name of Holliday; of the resemblance of expression that I had discovered between his face and Arthur's; of the emphasis he had laid on those three words, "my own brother;" and of his incomprehensible acknowledgment of his own illegitimacy—while I was thinking of these things, the reports I have mentioned suddenly flew into my mind, and linked themselves fast to the chain of my previous reflections. Something within me whispered, "It is best that those two young men should not meet again." I felt it before I slept; I felt it when I woke; and I went, as I told you, alone to the Inn the next morning.

I had missed my only opportunity of seeing my nameless patient again. He had been gone nearly an hour when I inquired for him.

I have now told you every thing that I know for certain, in relation to the man whom I brought back to life in the double-beded room of the Inn at Doncaster. What I have next to add is matter for inference and surmise, and is not, strictly speaking, matter of fact.

I have to tell you, first, that the medical student turned out to be strangely and unaccountably right in assuming it as more than probable that Arthur Holliday would marry the young lady who had given him the water-color drawing of the landscape. That marriage took place a little more than a year after the events occurred which I have just been relating. The young couple came to live in the neighborhood in which I was then established in practice. I was present at the wedding, and was rather surprised to find that Arthur was singularly reserved to me, both before and after his marriage on the subject of the young lady's prior engagement. He only referred to it once when we were alone, merely telling me, on that occasion, that his wife had done all that honor and duty required of her in the matter, and that the engagement had been broken off with the full approval of her parents. I never heard more from him than this. For three years he and his wife lived together happily. At the expiration of that time, the symptoms of a serious illness first declared

themselves in Mrs. Arthur Holliday. It turned out to be a long, lingering, hopeless, malady. I attended her throughout. We had been great friends when she was well, and we became more attached to each other than ever when she was ill. I had many long and interesting conversations with her in the intervals when she suffered least. The result of one of those conversations I may briefly relate, leaving you to draw any inferences from it that you please.

The interview to which I refer, occurred shortly before her death. I called one evening, as usual, and found her alone, with a look in her eyes which told me that she had been crying. She only informed me at first, that she had been depressed in spirits; but, by little and little, she became more communicative, and confessed to me that she had been looking over some old letters, which had been addressed to her, before she had seen Arthur, by a man to whom she had been engaged to be married. I asked her how the engagement came to be broken off. She replied that it had not been broken off, but that it had died out in a very mysterious way. The person to whom she was engaged—her first love, she called him—was very poor, and there was no immediate prospect of their being married. He followed my profession and went abroad to study. They had corresponded regularly, until the time when, as she believed, he had returned to England. From that period she heard no more of him. He was of a fretful, sensitive temperament; and she feared that she might have inadvertently done or said something that offended him. However that might be, he had never written to her again; and, after waiting a year, she had married Arthur. I asked when the first estrangement had begun and found that the time at which she ceased to hear any thing of her first lover exactly corresponded with the time at which I had been called in to my mysterious patient at The Two Robins Inn.

A fortnight after that conversation, she died. In course of time, Arthur married again. Of late years, he has lived principally in London, and I have seen little or nothing of him.

I have many years to pass over before I can approach to anything like a conclusion of this fragmentary narrative. And even when that later period is reached, the little that I

have to say will not occupy your attention for more than a few minutes. Between six and seven years ago, the gentleman to whom I introduced you in this room, came to me, with good professional recommendations, to fill the position of my assistant. We met, not like strangers, but like friends—the only difference between us being, that I was very much surprised to see him, and that he did not appear to be at all surprised to see me. If he was my son, or my brother I believe he could not be fonder of me than he is; but he has never volunteered any confidences since he has been here, on the subject of his past life. I saw something that was familiar to me in his face when we first met; and yet it was also something that suggested the idea of change. I had a notion once that my patient at the Inn might be a natural son of Mr. Holliday's; I had another idea that he might also have been the man who was engaged to Arthur's first wife; and I have a third idea, still clinging to me, that Mr. Lorn is the only man in England who could really enlighten me, if he chose, on both those doubtful points. His hair is not black, now,

and his eyes are dimmer than the piercing eyes that I remember, but, for all that, he is very like the nameless medical student of my young days—very like him. And, sometimes when I come home late at night, and find him asleep, and wake him, he looks, in coming to, wonderfully like the stranger at Doncaster, as he raised himself in the bed on that memorable night!

The doctor paused. Mr. Goodchild who had been following every word that fell from his lips, up to this time, leaned forward eagerly to ask a question. Before he could say a word, the latch of the door was raised, without any warning sound of footsteps in the passage outside. A long, white, bony hand appeared through the opening, gently pushing the door, which was prevented from working freely on its hinges by a fold in the carpet under it.

"That hand! Look at that hand, Doctor!" said Mr. Goodchild, touching him.

At the same moment, the doctor looked at Mr. Goodchild, and whispered to him, significantly:

"Hush! he has come back."

THE SALAMANDER.—Has the belief which formerly prevailed respecting the incombustibility of this creature any foundation in fact? I have always looked upon the statement as a myth, and should not have thought of propounding a Query on the subject, had I not found, in turning over the pages of that charming book, *The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini*, the following extraordinary passage. The old metallurgist says:

"When I was about five years of age, my father happened to be in a little room in which they had been washing, and where there was a good fire burning: with a fiddle in his hand he sang and played near the fire, the weather being exceedingly cold. Looking into the fire, he saw a little animal resembling a lizard, which lived and enjoyed itself in the hottest flames. Instantly perceiving what it was, he called for my sister, and after he had shown us the creature, he gave me a box on the ear: I fell a-crying, while he, soothing me with his caresses, said, 'My dear child, I don't give you that blow for any fault you have committed, but that you may remember that the little lizard which you see in the fire is a salamander; a creature which no one that I have heard of ever beheld before.' So saying, he embraced me, and gave me some money."

In that eruditè and entertaining work, *The Academy of Armory and Blazon*, by Randle Holme, we have the following statement respecting the salamander:

"The salamander is a creature with four short feet like the lizard, without ears, with a pale white belly, one part of their skin exceeding black, the other yellowish green, both very splendid and glittering; with a black line going all along the back, having upon it little spots like eyes; (and from hence it cometh to be called a stellion, a creature full of stars,) the skin is rough and bald; they are said to be so cold that they can go through the fire, nay, abide in it, and extinguish it, rather than burn. I have some of the hair, or down, of the salamander, which I have several times put in the fire, and made it red-hot, and after taken it out, which being cold, yet remained perfect wool, or fine downy hair."

Unfortunately for the marvellous statement of Randle Holme, modern chemistry tells us that the terms "salamander's hair" and "salamander's wool" were applied to *fibrous asbestos*, from its incombustibility.—*Notes and Queries.*

EARLY MENTION OF LAUDANUM.—"There is a certaine kinde of compound called Laudanum whch may be had at Dr. Turner's apothecary in Bishop-gate, streate; the virtue of it is very soveraigne to mitigate anie paine; yt will for a tyme lay a man in a sweete trans, as Dr. Parry told me he tryed in a fever and his sister Mrs. Turner in her childbirthe."—*MS. Diary, Octob. 1601.—Notes and Queries.*

From the Spectator, 17 Oct.

CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

THERE is one necessity in the future government of India which cannot be too distinctly or too early recognized. After the manifestations of the Fast Day in every part of the kingdom, it will be difficult for the Ministers of this country to continue in India the practical disavowal of our own Christianity at the same time that we recognize the idolatry of the Natives. It is not difficult to explain how the Government glided into that double treachery; but while the religious feeling of England will prevent a resumption of the system, its gross impolicy has been exposed by recent events.

On the very threshold of this subject, we are more than bound to admit that the Missionaries are not chargeable with any portion of the Indian revolt either as instigators or as provokers. The principal scene of missionary labors has not been the scene of the mutinies, although, if the Missionaries had been chargeable with a primary share in provoking the revolt, we might have expected to find their favorite districts the centre of the mutiny, their converts the first victims, and themselves the declared objects of Hindoo or Mussulman hatred. The Missionary Colonels are not to be acquitted like the Missionaries, principally because they united incompatible functions with a bad example in breaking the regulations of their own service. Whether the insurrection began in a general discontent among the Hindoos against their conquerors, or a Mussulman design—whether both these causes acted together, or whether the Mussulmans themselves began the revolt and have made tools of the Hindoos—it was the negligence and the impaired organization which made the great opportunity and the temptation for the rebels, and the Missionary Colonels were accomplices in that treachery not as missionaries but as officers.

Now that we look back upon the events in India, we are all of us perhaps wiser than we were before the outbreak; at least there is one conclusion which is only too distinctly apparent. India has been governed by compromise in every relation: it has been a dependency of the Crown, but as it was obtained by the exertions of a commercial company, the heads of that company have been allowed to continue its administration, and at the same time localized functionaries, officers and

merchants, have gradually been permitted to create the appearance of something like an English community, until we almost fancied that India was a colony. The pliant Natives have deceived us by their submissiveness into the idea that we could assimilate them to ourselves. We were too humane to drive them out of their idolatry; we have not yet been able to teach them better; but we endeavored to reconcile our government as Christians with their policy as idolaters. The relation between the governors and the governed became a compromise between Christianity and Heathenism. It does not appear that we have purchased the affection of our subjects by that compromise. On the contrary, we have exasperated Mussulmans by placing our idolatrous protégés on a level with those believers in the iconoclastic mission of Mahomet; and the idolaters, faithful to the creed which they believe to be inborn in their race, see with amazement and contempt the readiness of Englishmen to prostitute a creed that pretends to be higher than their own. We gained nothing by the concession—neither cheerful submission, nor fidelity, nor converts, nor anything else. Successively we have had humanitarian Governors-General like Lord William Bentinck, patrons of Hindooism like the hero of the gates of Somnauth, and great Red-tapists anxious above all to make things pleasant; so that while the Supreme Government was quasi Christian to the Missionaries and Christian inhabitants, it was Brahminical to the Bengal army and Mahometan to the Mussulmans—"all things to all men." While we exasperated the Hindoos by putting down suttee in obedience to our humane instincts, we prevented them from understanding any intelligible principle upon which we thus peremptorily dictated; for we could abandon our intrusive Christianity in order to enlist Brahminical soldiers. Unable to sympathize in our alien feelings, knowledge, and opinions, the Hindoos could see in these inconsistent acts nothing but a contemptible timeserving, which lowered us in their respect. In the excess of our tolerance, we even carried it to the extent of intolerance; and a case has been quoted within the last few days, in which a soldier, a Brahmin who upon conviction became a convert to the Christian faith, was dismissed from the army by his Christian governors. Thus we actually treated Christianity as in itself an offence.

The case occurred some time back, but the spirit of it remained; and it gave the very principle of the Bengal military organization, which we were beginning to extend to Bombay at the time when Colonel Wheeler was assisting greased cartridges and other stimulants to excite the fanatical outbreak of the Thirty-fourth Bengal Regiment. Now that this principle of compromise has proved so disastrous a failure, we are able to perceive that it was in its very nature foolish and detestable; and the manifestations of the Fast Day, clinching the lessons of experience, will render it impossible, after the suppression of the revolt, to resume that policy.

We must at last accept our situation according to the facts. We are conquerors, governing a conquered people. We must be ruled by laws which it would be unjust to impose upon them, since they are not capable of sharing in the administration of those laws. We should be driving them even beyond their natural powers if we forced them to accept our régime in their domestic life. To them we must leave their domestic institutions, so far as they are compatible with our rule. And here probably we arrive at the principle of a sufficient distinction between the laws which must necessarily attend upon a Christian supremacy, and those which may be left to the domestic administration of the Natives. We some time ago pointed out the principle in penal matters: those things which are tolerated by the Natives, but which by civilized nations are considered "mala in se," cannot be tolerated by a Christian governor; but those things which are simply "mala prohibita" to us, and are tolerated by the Natives, may still remain the law with them, administered by themselves according to their own lights. While we need have made no difficulty in abolishing the sacrifice of Juggernaut and suttee, putting down with a strong hand any institutions so entirely impossible in the presence of Christianity, there is no reason why we should interfere with their matrimonial institutions, or with the succession of land; no reason why we should prevent lands held by Native tenure from lapsing on loss of caste, or compel the Natives to recognize the re-marriage of widows.

To exemplify the principle in a tangible manner, we might leave the Natives to themselves where our interference or recognition is unnecessary, but compel them to observe

our rule whenever they come within the purview of British jurisdiction. Thus, within the army, although allowing to the soldiers, off duty, every freedom in the observance of any forms or ceremonies that may please their fancy, we should insist upon strict obedience to every requirement of military discipline. This is only applying to the Indian army generally that system which has succeeded comparatively well in Bombay; and perhaps it will be quite safe to carry out the system yet further than any statesman could safely attempt in that Presidency while the high-caste soldiers were tantalized by the spectacle of immunities granted to their peers in Bengal.

But if any Natives choose to become converts to Christianity, there is every reason why, instead of punishing them for what ought to be a merit in our eyes, we should encourage, protect, and support them. With resources such as the empire of India could command there is no necessity to evade this duty. Under our rule, the Christian, wherever he walks, should be protected against injury to life and limb, and to his property acquired as a Christian. We need not compel Natives to retain Christian converts and even to provide for them. If by his conversion the Native loses his connections, his status in society, and his lands, is it impossible to provide him with the equivalents amongst ourselves? Should he not find new brethren; should not British society give him more than he has lost; and might it not even be possible to give him lands elsewhere in lieu of those which he has lost, perchance in company with Christians of his own blood? Manifestly it *would* be possible thus to encourage the growth of Native Christian settlement; and all without any intrusion upon the Natives within their own domestic circle.

We may, however, remember with advantage, that the first conversions to Christianity did not embrace whole realms or nations. The circumstances of the world, no doubt, are different; but the example still remains. The first converts to Christianity became so individually; they were thoroughly imbued with the spirit and life of the new faith; and they became the example and seed. The conversions, which were gradual at first, extended with great rapidity at the latter stage, and spread throughout the world. If every individual Native, on becoming Christian, found his life improved by the adoption of a more cheering faith, and temporally by his connection with the ruling powers, British India would not be long without the influence arising from the rule of a British Constantine.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BARE was the shapely form of Hero's love,
Such form as woke to life the sculptor's art;
Black was the wave and wild the heaven above,
And chill the fears that curdled round her heart,

As Hero, restless, turned and rose to trim
The friendly radiance of that flickering light,
And still she sighed, and trembled still for him
Far on the deep beneath the brooding night.

" Yet not so far for him, the strong, the brave,
Whose glad embrace nor time nor tide can bar,
Who boasts his mastery o'er the leaping wave,
Stout loving heart! 'tis surely not so far."
With that she summoned courage, and the flame
She fed afresh, then turned her to the door,
And starting, smiled — and blushed for very shame,

A blush that left her paler than before;
For no one entered—and the marble stair
Showed wide and cheerless in her lonely tower,
And something whispered, " Can another Fair
Have lured my false Leander to her bower?"
Ungenerous thought! " Why tarrieth he so long?"
Ungenerous thought, half stifled ere it grew;
The gathering waves, the current deep and strong,
The swimmer's gasping need too well she knew.

And he was battling on the while, as still
Battles the loving heart, though storms arise;
The loving heart, that strives through good and ill,

And though it fail at last, unconquered dies.
When first he plunged to meet the opposing wave,

How comely was that shape, so fresh and bright,
With vigorous strokes its sidelong way that clave
Exulting, godlike, in its youthful might.

The moon shone fitful down in shimmering line,
Her own Endymion was not half so fair
As he who laughed aloud, to lip the brine
And shake the sea-drops from his glistening hair.

Sweet was the Syren's voice, yet all in vain,
To lure him back, she smote her sounding shell,
And wreathed her snowy arms; unheard the strain,
Unseen the gesture, and unfelt the spell;
For Hero's glimmering beacon shone to guide,
And Hero's whisper trembled in his ear,
Though long the watery way, and fierce the tide,
Ere breath and sinew failed, the goal was near.

But still the wind was freshening, and the deep
Swelled up in whitening surges, broad and high,
And what could strength 'gainst that resistless sweep,

And what was courage good for, but to die?
Thrice did the choking waters o'er him close,—
Athwart the moon, a driving cloud sped on,—
Ere it had passed, a score of bubbles rose
To mark the wrinkled wave—and he was gone.

So Hero woke, and watched, and whiter grew—
The beacon-fire went out as day drew nigh—
And on the woman's cheek a deadlier hue
Shone cold and ghastly in the morning sky.
The dawn flushed up. In longer, statelier sweep,

Subsiding to their rest, the waters rolled;
While o'er the sobs of the relenting deep
The sunrise flung a sheet of molten gold.

Another morn its shining promise gave,
Another day of Light, and Life in store;
And yet—a corpse was on the dancing wave,
A woman's heart was breaking on the shore.
She saw, and stretched her arms: one stifled moan,
One desperate plunge—she reached Leander's side;
Cold was her darling's sleep—yet not alone—
He loved and battled—she but loved and died.
—Fraser's Magazine.

G. W. M.

No one could divine to what portion of the Christian Church Dr. Muhlenberg, the author of the following hymn, belongs. The beating of a Christian heart pulsates through every line. Its beauty, sweetness, and lyrical flow have never been surpassed.—Independent.

Since o'er Thy footstool here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O! what magnificence must glow,
My God! about Thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!
If night's blue curtain of the sky
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!
The dazzling sun at noon tide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord! one beam of THINE:
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine!
Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon Thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.